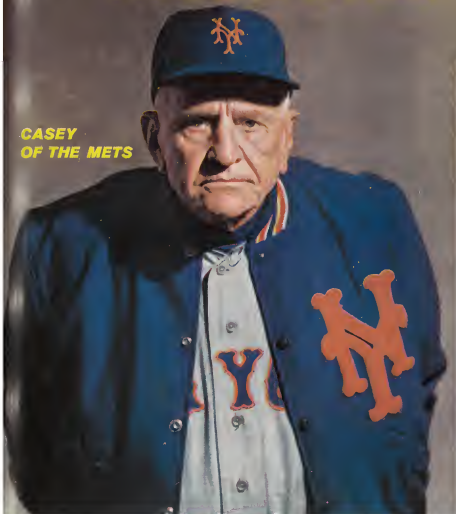


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 5, 1982 36 CENTS

**CASEY
OF THE METS**





Surf caster Ernie Klack

has a prize catch
already... Carter's
knitted boxer shorts

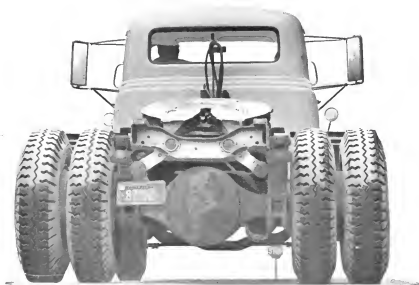
Ernie puts in many a plug for Carter's new knit boxer shorts. His enthusiasm is understandable if you just cast a glance at their trim lines. These comfortable cotton knit shorts fit a man perfectly — and they look it! (They've also won a staunch champion in wife time since they never need a moment's ironing.) Take the word of fishermen Klack: make sure the next boxers you net are knit—by Carter's of course.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's
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Anytime you can get double the mileage of another tire, you're way ahead. Super Cross-Rib is the way. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GOODYEAR 



The TR-4: IT WON ITS FIRST MEDAL STANDING STILL

Triumph's new sports car won its first gold medal only six days after its introduction. A first prize for coachwork at the famous Earls Court Show, London. The TR-4 took this one standing still. No wonder. For a mere \$2849,* the TR-4 gives you leather bucket seats, thick carpets, an ingenious and completely rain-proof top, new roll-up windows...and a collection of luxuries you used to find only in marques costing thousands more. How will the TR-4 do on the road? Let's put it this way: Its companion,

the TR-3, won more silverware from rallies than any other car in history. The TR-4 has even more power—plus higher torque, wider track, more sensitive steering, synchromesh in all forward speeds. So stand back! As for fun: the TR-4's responses are much brighter and quicker than any ordinary car's possibly could be. And it's quite a feeling when you're going 40, to know you could be doing 110. Ask one of the 50,000 U.S. Triumph owners. Better yet, get a test drive at any of the 650-plus Triumph dealers in all 50 states and Canada.



TRIUMPH

*MSRP, plus state and/or local taxes. Delivery higher in West. Standard Triumph Motor Company, Inc. Dept. 820, P.O. 1, Troy, New York 12181. Canada: Standard Triumph (Canada) Ltd. 1485 Eglinton Ave. West, Toronto 10, Ontario.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$4.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, E1-E3; XI-X4; midwestern, M1-M20; extended midwestern, M1-M20; XI-X4; southern, S1-S8; western, W1-W8; Florida, F1-F3; XI-X4, S1-S8; special, SP1-SP4.

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Next week

THE TOP 25 college basketball teams in the nation start competing for the NCAA title next week. Ray Cave scouts them all and predicts winners in the early-round regional games.

GOLDEN GLOVES tournaments are the hopes of young boxers, the clinic to test ambition in the arena. Six pages of color pictures take you into this oddly appealing world.

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Your passengers will be quick to tell you that they prefer this boat that doesn't ship water on any quarter, in any maneuver . . . that won't tip on water or land . . . that banks less than ten degrees in turns, without skidding . . . that gives five adults (and all their weekend gear) a far smoother ride than they can get in any conventional V-bottom boat—at thirty miles an hour, or more!

This is the boat that makes boating everything you ever wanted it to be! That's quite a promise—but the OMC 17 Deluxe is quite a boat! Turn the page and see.

OMC *deluxe* 17

THE NEWEST BOAT EVER BUILT!

Starting now get set to command seventeen feet of new ideas!

The control center of the OMC 17 Deluxe extends an irresistible invitation to take command. Its back-lighted instrument panel contains speedometer, tachometer, ammeter, fuel gauge, oil level and engine heat warning lights, cigarette lighter and rudder direction indicator. Switches control the power operated, tilting windshield (tempered safety glass), electric windshield wiper, power tilt of the stern drive unit, operation of bilge pump and ventilation blower, running lights and horn.

Electric power shifting and throttle are combined in a single-lever control. One hand gives you easy, positive shifting from forward through neutral to reverse and back to forward without stopping in neutral. Surrounding five luxurious molded foam seats are compartments and lockers to stow all your gear, even skis. The smart convertible top protects the entire cockpit. This roomiest of runabouts gives you more usable space than many boats of greater length. A boarding ladder, fire extinguisher, all deck hardware—just about everything you need except fuel—is standard equipment. Let's go on!

OMC *deluxe* 17

THE NEWEST BOAT EVER BUILT!



Starting now go on a new kind of HEY! ride

First stern drive with fuel injection!

... Fuel-saving fuel-injection works its miserly magic best in two-cycle engines. That's why this quiet, compact 80 horsepower FI-90 saves you up to 30 per cent in fuel over most other engines, and gives you faster take-offs plus a far more favorable power-to-weight ratio than bulky four-cycle engines. You know it's dependable because Outboard Marine Corporation products are synonymous with dependability.

There is plenty more to make an owner feel good. Built-in flotation makes the OMC 17 Deluxe virtually unsinkable. Ruggedly built of reinforced plastic, it is as maintenance-free as a boat can be. Its stern drive takes you where conventional inboards can't travel. Oil is metered to the engine automatically—no mixing oil and gas!

The OMC 17 Deluxe is going places fast . . . but it isn't everywhere yet. Watch for its announcement in your newspaper—or write for a brochure and the name of your nearest dealer.
(Currently available only east of the Rockies.)

OMC *deluxe* 17

THE NEWEST BOAT EVER BUILT!

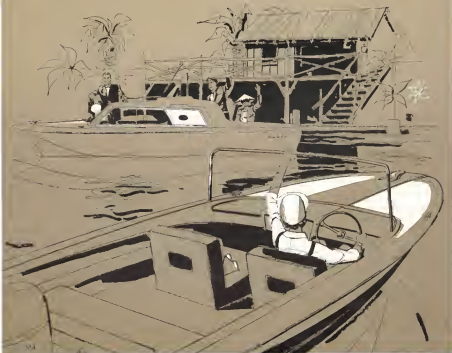


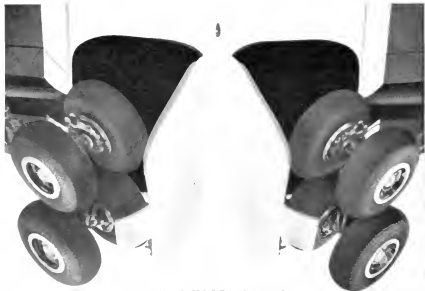
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FOREGROUND, 15' DEAUVILLE fiberglass runabout with spring cushioned forward seats (upholstered rear seat optional).





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boat built on a pontoon hull by Kayot, Inc., and powered by a 40 hp Evinrude Lark with remote push-button gearshift control.

The paddlewheels are there for fun instead of function. But, you'll enjoy the pleasant sound and picturesque sight of water cascading off the turning paddles. There's an efficient grill, built into the pilot house, big enough to cook steaks for a boat load of guests.

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Newest advance in pleasure boat power is Evinrude's push-button electric gearshift. Just push a button to go forward... one for reverse... one for neutral... with independent throttle control just the way it is on your automobile. Nothing could be simpler, surer, smoother.

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The ink has faded on this 49-year-old letter from Ezra Fitch to his customers, but his remarkable policy is very much alive today.

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On February 13, 1913, Ezra Fitch, one of the founders of Abercrombie & Fitch, wrote to his customers: "The policy of our house is to make every customer a satisfied customer. In fact, I go further. I want the friendship of everyone who purchases from us, no matter whether it be a dozen fishhooks or a \$1,000 gun. Therefore my one purpose is to please those who place their confidence in us. I try to give them, in return, a little more than they expect."

"Our first aim in the manufacture and selection of all goods is to be sure that the idea is right, that the article will work right and that the quality will be beyond question. Our next aim is to sell these goods at as low a price as possible."

"If the service we give you is not all you think it ought to be, if the quality or wear of the goods purchased does not meet your

expectation, or if you find that what you get is not what you thought it would be, I ask as a favor that you write me, personally, and I'll see that you are satisfied. This is the service we render our customers in the store, and it is the same service we will give you who live at a distance when you order by mail."

"If you deal with this house, I want you to be satisfied, and I tell you that if you are not, it will be your own fault. I stand behind everything in our store because I believe in it. You have my pledge that what you have ordered is what you want unless you make a mistake in ordering; and even if you do make a mistake, no matter what you do, or what happens, if you will write me a personal letter about it, I will see that you are satisfied."

President

[At Abercrombie & Fitch, we continue to serve you as Mr. Fitch promised so long ago. Today the man to write to is John H. Ewing, our president. Come in and browse around. Or write for our new Camp Tackle catalogue.]

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POWERBOAT RESULTS

1981 American Power Boat Association championship

UNLIMITED INBOARDS

DETROIT MEMORIAL, Gale F. Driver Bill Cantrell, Owner W. D. Gale, Inc., June 24 in Detroit.

DIAMOND CUP, Contini 21, Driver Bill Muncey, Owner W. Rhodes, July 22 in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

LORD CLIP, Contini 21, Driver Bill Muncey, Owner W. Rhodes, August 26 in Reno.

Governor's Trophy, Contini 21, Driver Bill Muncey, Owner W. Rhodes, September 30 in Madison, Ind.

HARNWORTH TROPHY, Sapienter III, Driver Bob Hayward, Owner J. Thompson, August 5 in Pictou, Ont.

PRESIDENT'S CUP, Contini 21, Driver Bill Muncey, Owner W. Rhodes, September 16 in Washington, D.C.

SEVER CUP, Mrs. Burdahl, Driver Ron Munson, Owner Ole Burdahl, September 10 in Detroit.

INBOARD

Held in San Diego, Calif., August 25-27

280 Hydro: Allan Ford, Oakland, Calif.

266 Hydro: Mike Waters, Los Angeles.

225 Hydro: Denton Denny, Oakland, Calif.

185 Hydro: Billy Schumacher, Seattle.

135 Hydro: Wayne Thompson, Reseda, Calif.

OUTBOARD

Held in Depue, Ill., September 13-18

Class A Hydro: Dave Berg, Minneapolis.

Class B Hydro: Chuck Simon, LaSalle, Quebec.

Class C Hydro: Mel Cooper, Albany, Ga.

Class C Service Runabout I: Walter Martin, Woodlands, Quebec.

Class C Service Runabout II: Robert Leland, Quincy, Ill.

Class C Service Hydro I: Henry Wagner, Fresno, Calif.

STOCK OUTBOARD

Held in Guntersville, Ala., August 23-27

JU Class Runabout: Jeffrey Greco, Mt. Carmel, Pa.

AU Class Runabout: Edwin Wulf, Amityville, N.Y.

BU Class Runabout: Ron Hedlund, Walmette, Ill.

CU Class Runabout: Keith Stappach, Milwaukee.

Class A Stock Hydro: Don Christy, Baltimore.

Class B Stock Hydro: Jeff Fritz, Yuma, Ariz.

Class C Stock Hydro: Bob Brown, Meath.

Class D Stock Hydro: Dick O'Dea, Paterson, N.J.

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To women who love men who love sharp cheddar flavor!

It's a wise lass who brings her lad Mac Laren's, the cheddar club cheese that's magnificently sharp. Mac Laren's is made of *natural* cheese (not processed). "Club" means aged cheddars have been blended so they're *spreadable*. That able Scots-Canadian, Alex Mac Laren, created this cheese in

1891. It is, we believe, the oldest brand of cheddar club cheese sold in North America. Now—with all the quality of auld—it's here for all sharp cheese-lovers in handy 10-oz. sticks. If you insist on cooking with it, write for the Mac Laren's Gourmet Recipe Leaflet. Kraft Foods, Department SI, Chicago.



Canadian-born in 1891,
mighty sharp and
spreadable



The butler did it . . .

He made the martinis dryer than ever before. Changed butlers? No. Changed gins! Changed to Seagram's. The gin dried by nature till all the sweetness and perfumery are gone—till it turns a light amber dry. That's the ultimate in dryness. The ultimate in gins! The one and only.

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN—IT BELONGS WITH GRACIOUS LIVING.



SCORECARD

ARE THERE NO COPS?

The unsporting behavior of basketball crowds at many arenas around the country has defied the best efforts of officials to suppress it, but last week Coach Al McGuire of Belmont Abbey College, playing at Jacksonville University, came up with a simple, game-losing solution.

Early in the game there was a fight on the floor between fans and players. One fan broke the nose of Belmont Abbey player Jim Lytle. Disturbances continued and, finally, with 8 minutes 32 seconds left to play and the score tied at 60-60, McGuire felt he had had enough. He took his team off the floor, forfeiting to Jacksonville. Game officials had lost control, he said, and "to have continued would have caused serious reaction by the fans."

Coach McGuire had the support of Belmont Abbey's president, the Very Rev. John A. Otgen, O.S.B., and he has ours, too.

HIGH, LOW AND THE GAME

One of the truly respected sports publications of the world is *L'Espresso* (French for *The Team*), whose 300,000 daily circulation is bigger than that of many other Paris newspapers. It was founded in 1899 by a wealthy French monarchist who was vilified by the press because he threw a rotten egg at the president of France. In riposte he established *L'Espresso* and dedicated it to the restoration of the monarchy.

But he was a sports nut, too, and after a while *L'Espresso* began to forget about politics and concern itself with more vital matters, like the Tour de France, which it founded, and Georges Carpentier. Today, when the world's political news becomes too grim to be borne, the circulation of *L'Espresso* shoots up as much as 30%. It scarcely ever mentions the monarchy any more.

Now *L'Espresso* has come through with a report on track and field that must be taken seriously, in part because *L'Espresso* so takes it and in part because quite a few track and field men around the world do, too. Says *L'Espresso*:

"The IAAF, which is now studying the problems raised by using fiber-glass poles, is about to open fire on stadiums of high altitude. It may very well be that, starting from next September, the IAAF will no longer recognize dash and vaulting performances achieved at an altitude of more than 1,000 feet (305 meters). Results on short distances are obviously affected by atmospheric pressure, for these [results] decrease in ratio to the elevation: average pressure at sea level is 1.013 millibars, at 2,500 meters it is no more than 770 millibars. The IAAF will, undoubtedly, fix the reasonable limit as 920 millibars, which corresponds to an altitude of 1,000 feet."

So much for Denver and Mexico City.

STATE WINS AGAIN

Secretary of State Dean Rusk, a letterman center on the Davidson College basketball team 33 years ago, visited his old school last week and dropped into the gym to congratulate Coach Lefty Driesell on his 14-9 season's record, Davidson's best in 13 years and one that, with 12 straight wins, was the first to beat the seven-straight record of the team that Rusk had played on.

"Understand you weren't so bad yourself," Coach Driesell remarked.

The Secretary took a ball and, standing some 20 feet from the basket in a stance that somehow suggested a Roman gladiator awaiting attack, arched it through the net.

"Nothing to it," he said.

Offered the ball for a second shot, he shook his head, on the theory that nothing improves perfection. But the players insisted and he shot again. Another basket.

DEPENDABLE SNELL

In a week that saw the postponement of the Joe Brown-Carlos Ortiz lightweight championship fight, the decision not to run Sir Gaylord in the Flamingo Stakes and the withdrawal of John Uelses, Ron Delany and Parry O'Brien from the National AAU meet, it was pleasant to contemplate the dependability of Peter

Snell, man of his word and gracious accommodator of hometown pals.

Friends in Auckland, New Zealand reminded Snell wistfully, after he set world records in the mile, the 800 yards and the 800 meters, that they never had seen him break a world record and never had seen anyone, let alone a hometown boy, do a mile under four minutes.

At that point Snell's future program did not include any more mile runs without special training, but he changed his schedule forthwith and met fellow Aucklanders half way. He would run the mile for them, he said, and would do it under four minutes, but he would not break a world record.

At Western Springs Stadium last week he did just that. Seventy-five yards ahead of Murray Halberg, Snell broke the tape, but no record, at 3:56.8.

THE SPECIALIST

That dogs are individualists is well known to anyone who ever owned a dog. Each pup is whelped with its own peculiar whims, quirks, caprices and crotchets. An outstanding idiosyncratic among dogs is Mike, a 3-year-old Labrador retriever, who used to live in Edgemoor, Wash. but had to move. Mike



chased automobiles, as dogs will, but the peculiar thing is that he chased only Cadillacs—ignoring Lincolns, Volkswagens, Oldsmobiles and Chevies. Just Cadillacs. Like the dry-fly fisherman, Mike was a purist.

His owner worried about the Cadillac-chasing because a dog as big as Mike can be disconcerting to a timid driver. He feared the dog might run a Cadillac into a ditch. So he gave Mike to a friend, Chuck Fischer, a resident of bucolic Birch Bay, where there are no Cadillacs.

Sure enough, Mike ignored the local cars and took up beachcombing. He cornered big Dungeness crabs at low tide, rolled them over with his nose and carried them to his master upside down, their claws clicking helplessly. He

continued



Don Drysdale puts grease on his glove . . .

Neatsfoot oil, taken from cattle hooves, keeps Don Drysdale's pitcher's mitt soft and supple. But when the Los Angeles Dodgers' ace fast baller wants a hair tonic, he steers clear of animal fats and mineral oils. None of that creamy, greasy kid-stuff for him. Don uses Vitalis® with V-7®.



but never on his hair! (Vitalis keeps his hair neat all day without grease)

the remarkable new greaseless grooming discovery. It fights embarrassing dandruff, prevents dryness, keeps your hair neat all day without grease. Try the Vitalis "60-Second Workout." Your scalp will feel great, your hair will look great. Get Vitalis with V-7 today!

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acquired a connoisseur's taste for clams on the half shell, helping with the digging and standing by aquiver with eagerness while his new friends opened them for him. He patrolled the waters of the bay, searching out kitters destined for drowning, rescued them and conferred upon Chuck the task of finding new homes for them.

After a long spell on this cold-turkey routine it seemed that Mike might well have kicked the Cadillac habit. Certainly he seemed as normal as a dog is ever likely to be. Surely, everyone said, he had forgotten. One day a Bellingham dentist toolled out to Birch Bay in a spang new Caddy. The specialist sniffed the air, stifened like a setter on point and flushed the dentist halfway back to Bellingham.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• The Houston Oilers' loss of Head Coach Wally Lemm to the St. Louis Cardinals reflects his dissatisfaction with the Oilers' front office. He had asked Owner Bud Adams to name a strong general manager who could make quick decisions (the Oilers had lost four key draftees for lack of such action). When Adams himself failed to make a quick decision, Lemm jumped. The same fault in the front office had much to do with Lou Rykus' leaving the club last season.

• Joe Louis, matchmaker for the newly formed United World Enterprises, may find that boxing promotion in Los Angeles poses as many problems as the income tax. High rental costs at the Sports Arena make crowds of 10,000 necessary to break even, and good dates during the indoor sports season are rare. Cal and Aileen Eaton, longtime L.A. promoters, highly successful, don't seem to be worrying about their rivals.

• No nonracing engine has participated in the Indianapolis "500" since 1948 and none has won since 1927, but Mackey Thompson, multirecord drag racer, plans to enter a Buick V-8 aluminum job of increased hp and displacement. With aluminum, titanium and magnesium in chassis, body and engine, Thompson figures the car to be 500 pounds lighter than the average racer.

MISSISSIPPI MISSES ANOTHER

As in the past, Mississippi State will not permit its basketball team to compete in the NCAA championships, for which they seem highly eligible this year, be-

cause of the chance that the players might have to compete against Negroes. The policy is not that of coaches or players or students but of university officials and, of course, the politicians who control them. Mississippi is the only southern state with such a policy.

The issue has been prominent since 1959, when Mississippi State defeated top-ranking Kentucky and thus was put in the running for the NCAA championship. "Sure, I want to go," All-America Bailey Howell said then. "All the boys want to go. We will, if they will let us."

But they didn't go. Last year the question came up again, and Governor Ross Barnett was moved to speak. Integrated athletics, he said, could lead to social integration. So the boys didn't go last year either and, according to Athletic Director Wade Walker, they won't go in 1962. "It is an unwritten policy," he said.

Written or unwritten, the policy has stirred a ferment among the students throughout the state. Last week Editor-at-Large Jimmy Robertson of *The Mississippi*, the student publication of the University of Mississippi, reminded readers that in 1956 "the Ole Miss baseball team played in the NCAA finals and finished third in the nation without incident. . . . The state violates the principle in other fields," he noted further. "We have sent our girls to Atlantic City to appear in bathing suits before integrated audiences."

CRY DOMINO!

Teams from the Lost Coast Gun Club No. 3 of Petaluma Creek, the Royal Eskilstuna Yacht Club and the Cercle de L'Unit, among others, competed in San Francisco last week to determine the world dominoes championship, quite possibly the first world dominoes championship ever held anywhere. It attracted competition from as far away as Portland, Ore.

In the main game room of the Commercial Club, whose members pretty well sum up tycoons in San Francisco, 224 players clicked their tiles at 66 tables, shouted triumph, groaned defeat and munched on a 19-choice buffet lunch, complete with champagne. Entry fee was \$100 a two-man team, and the \$31,200 was turned over in *into* the Hunter's Point Boys Club.

The tournament was, indeed, such a success that an International Dominoes Association may develop from it, with future world championship competition

eventually spreading to other cities. The IDA is a longtime recurring dream of Dominic C. Armano, author of two books on dominoes. (He wrote them because he couldn't find a text to teach him the fine points of the game. He and his partner didn't even finish in the first 20.)

Competition began at 9 a.m., and at 6:30 p.m. the four finalists settled into their heavy leather chairs. The winners were two dentists, Drs. Charles F. Tobin and Kenneth Kingsbury. From the sponsor, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, they received a handsome trophy done by Sculptor Stefan A. Novak—an 18-inch job depicting a double-five domino of rubbed walnut with ivory insets, mounted on a block of polished black marble set off by silver tile plates. They also won first-class trips to Hawaii (for four) aboard a Matson liner.

One feature of the tournament was the appearance of a team from the 49ers. Quarterback John Brodie and Linebacker Matt Hazlett, the brains of the 49er offense and defense, respectively. They were wiped out in the first go-round.

THEY SAID IT

• San Francisco Giant Manager Alvin Dark on Willie Mays: "Half step slower or not, Willie is still the greatest all-around player in the game today. He hasn't lost any of his power, and he has a greater knowledge of the strike zone. The tip-off to his greatness is this: He hit 40 home runs last year, drove in 123 runs, led the league with 129 runs scored, batted .308. And still there were some who wrote that he didn't have a good year!"

• Shelby Metcalfe, assistant basketball coach of Texas A&M, on his part in a recent Texas vs. Aggie fistfight: "I just got out my pocket comb and helped the Texas band play *The Star-Spangled Banner*."

• Bob Devaney, new football coach at the University of Nebraska: "I don't expect to win enough games to be put on NCAA probation. I just want to win enough to warrant an investigation."

• Norm Cash of Detroit, American League batting champion, accepting an award as Texas' professional athlete of the year: "If Uncle Sam will just draft a few more left-handed pitchers, maybe I'll be back here next year."

• Jack Price, trainer of Carry Back, after his horse was blocked on the stretch turn in the 12-horse Widener Handicap. "This is just like the Kentucky Derby—a cavalry charge—and a good horse can get beat easy."

END



Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

It's pleasure...satisfaction...reassurance...love. Wouldn't you enjoy a visit by telephone right now?



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



WILSON REVEALS

How these exclusive wood clubs can

Until now, you may never have seen the force which the face of a Strata-Bloc wood exerts on impact with the ball. Look at it above.

You can almost feel the power . . . and see the distance.

Today's golfers play fairway woods with greater confidence than ever before. And they're making some of

the most exciting and satisfying shots of their lives.

You see them playing woods from wet grass, heavy rough, even tight lies, reaching for those distant par-5 greens in two.

These are shots few golfers would have risked with a wood 20 years ago.

Why this growing confidence in wood clubs?

One strong influence has been Strata-Bloc, the proven improved wood construction pioneered 20 years ago by Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

Strata-Bloc is constructed of fine layers of select sugar maple, bonded together, with the end-grains directed toward the ball to give that additional thrust for maximum distance,

Strata-Bloc has every advantage of natural wood (liveliness, resilience, feel). But Strata-Bloc adds advantages that wood in its natural state can never achieve (balance, uniform density and durability).

A Strata-Bloc head will never warp, swell or distort

Wilson Strata-Bloc has put a new feeling of power, confidence and durability into the game. And Strata-Bloc has helped make Wilson the most popular golf clubs in America.

You get this feeling of power and confidence with a new set of Wilson Strata-Bloc woods. Choose from among the many handsome models available wherever top quality golf clubs are sold.



SAM SNEAD has been using Strata-Bloc woods for 20 years. Their power helps him reach those distant par-5 greens in two. Sam Snead is a member of Wilson's Golf Advisory Staff.



STRATA-BLOC POWER SECRET

POWERFUL THRUST OF STRATA-BLOC® FLATTENS GOLF BALL. Photo taken in one millionth (1/1,000,000) sec. by Edgerton, Germeshausen and Grier, Inc., Boston.

add power and confidence to your game

Arrow shows how end-grain in each layer of wood are directed toward the ball for sweet feeling of power.

Handeomely finished Strata-Bloc woods seal perfect balance in moisture out. Be sure your new woods are Strata-Bloc—made only by Wilson. Available wherever top quality golf clubs are sold.



PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
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A TIME OF HIGH PROMISE

Two whirlybirds in Los Angeles last week brought a hint of spring. Flying low over the swamped turf of Chavez Ravine, the Dodgers' new stadium, they helped dry the field with their propellers so that preparations might continue for the start of the baseball season just six weeks away. At the same time, winter sports—basketball, hockey and indoor track—were reaching the climax of their seasons. The big names were still Lucas, Chamberlain, Bathgate, Baatty, Snell and Gubner, but those February heroes were gradually giving way to Meris, Mays and Stengel, to talk of the Kentucky Derby, the Masters and a heavy-weight title fight in June. The sun was getting warmer every day

A LOT OF WIND IN A WATERLOGGED STADIUM

Walter O'Malley's \$18.5 million stadium in Chavez Ravine was nearing completion when heavy rains hit the Los Angeles area. They fell for five days, and when they stopped the field was a quagmire. A shaken O'Malley surveyed the mess and stoutly declared that the field would be in shape for the Dodgers' opening game on April 10, a little more than a month off. O'Malley having spoken, efforts to dry out the field began at once, with the help of two helicopters borrowed from a local radio station. When the stadium is ready for business, whether on time or late, it will seat 56,000 people, with room for expansion to 85,000. There are no posts or columns, and by October, O'Malley hopes, it will be a fine place to watch the 1962 World Series.

CONTINUED







TIME OF PROMISE *continued*



A HORSE'S WORRISOME ANKLE

The day after his victory in the Everglades (left), Sir Gaylord, one of the nation's finest 3-year-olds, became lame from a small bone lesion with slight ligament damage on the inside joint of his right front ankle (above). It may have occurred during the race or in his stall later—no one was sure. Sir Gaylord definitely will miss this week's Flamingo Stakes, but Owner Christopher T. Chonory believes that the injury is only temporary and has not yet counted his horse out of the running in the May Kentucky Derby.

SOME SKIERS' HAPPY ROOTERS

A group of happy young collegians whoop it up in a snowstorm during one of the races at the annual Middlebury College Winter Carnival. The carnival consists of ski races, basketball and hockey, and involves such schools as Dartmouth, Harvard, MIT and Skidmore, as well as Middlebury. But the icing on the cake is the partying and dancing that last till the 2 a.m. curfew. This year the carnival was won by Dartmouth, Middlebury's biggest rival. Other than that, the weekend was a complete success.



A CHAMP'S CHAMPION BROTHER

Ray Patterson, the 19-year-old brother of World Heavyweight Champion Floyd, couldn't find a knockout punch, but he put together enough long rights and lefts to win a three-round decision over Thomas Watkins (left) in the finals of the New York Golden Gloves heavyweight division. For young Patterson, who plans to turn professional in May, the future seemed definite. For Floyd it was not. While the champion muttered promises of an imminent signing for his next title defense, against the controversial Sonny Liston, his elusive manager, Cus D'Amato, dropped completely out of sight. D'Amato has said that he opposes the Liston fight.

CONTINUED



TOURNAMENT-BOUND IN TEXAS

Jubilantly making the V sign, student fans at Southern Methodist join in a traditional yell as the SMU basketball team defeats Texas Christian 96-86 and, like two score other colleges around the U.S., moves closer to a berth in a post-season tournament. The Mustangs, who are now tied with Texas Tech for the Southwest Conference lead, have the easier schedule and are a distinct favorite for the title. Should SMU win, it probably will join Ohio State, Kentucky, Cincinnati, and UCLA in the national championships. Against them, SMU will need all the yells it can get.







Caribbean Sketchbook

Each February and March when winter winds, rain and cold cast their blight on U.S. tournament links, some 50 chilled golf professionals pack their gear and lug their golf bags south to the Caribbean. Warmed by the southern sun and caressed by the trade winds that dart restlessly off the Caribbean Sea, they swing through a five-week, 4,000-mile tournament tour covering Venezuela, Puerto Rico, Panama and Jamaica. On these and the following pages are impressions of the tour, recorded in notes by Writer Gwilym Brown and sketches by Artist

Harry Schmidt



Maracaibo

is a hot, flat, sprawling Venezuelan oil town on the shores of a lake bearing the same name. The lake's surface bristles with oil derricks; its water is unappetizingly seasoned with oil. Artist Schmidt depicts one of the tiny houses that sparkle cheerfully at the edge of the water like chunks of sherbet in strawberry, lime or lemon flavors. The Maracaibo golf course is 10 miles from the edge of town, a green oasis in a desert of cactus, sand and red clay, so thirsty that artesian wells must feed it 1.5 million gallons of water every day to keep it alive.



Caracas

was the tour's third stop. Here an inquisitive little boy peers down at the Valle Arriba Club from the window of one of the homes next to the course. For the players, the cool Caraqueño climate brings blessed relief after the desert heat of Maracaibo. Golfers on a practice green (below right) discuss the art of putting on the Caribbean's tough Bermuda grass, while a competitor (above right) faces the reality of a long putt in tournament play. There are out-of-bounds on all but one hole, providing a narrow, treacherous playground. The golf course is notched into the mountains that loop Caracas, and the city's buildings can be seen beyond the green, gleaming crisp and white in the clear air.







Panama

is a colorful city lying next to the Canal Zone. The Caribbean tour—jointly sponsored by the PGA and Seagram distilleries—traditionally visits Panama City at carnival time. The Spanish ranch-style clubhouse and course, which command a view of the jungle to the north, the ancient ruins of Old Panama and of the Pacific Ocean where it bends into the Bay of Panama, now vibrate with the gay babble of the spectators and the fiesta spirit. Even the strapping Panamanian police, poised, arms akimbo, by a palm-flanked fairway, do not sober the gaiety but lend a special interest of their own. Despite its nearness to U.S. territory, Panama is a tropical city with a tourist-free foreign atmosphere exotically redolent of shrimp boats and bananas.





In the dawn and at dusk, and sometimes in the black of night, a lowable villain named Billy Moore prowls the stubbled fields and glens of Essex, England. Billy Moore is a stocky man of 48; Billy Moore is a poacher. On his prowls, day or night, he wears a battered cloth cap, a striped sweat rag round his neck, muddy black boots and an ancient tweed jacket with a huge, bloodstained inside pocket. His face is whipped red by the harsh east winds that blast in over the flat fields of Essex, his hands are powerful enough to snap the neck of a rabbit with a flick of his fingers, yet supple enough to manipulate a thin wire snare into a cunning noose in the long grass of a rabbit run. His laugh has the rich roar of a double-barreled shotgun, and he has never laughed louder than he did this winter when word went around the village of Great Waltham (pop. 1,635), Essex, that the local squire had offered £100 reward to anyone catching Billy Moore poaching on his land. The British press headlined the news: **FLINDING SQUIRE PUTS REWARD ON POACHER'S HEAD—£100 FOR KING OF THE POACHERS!**

Billy Moore, with his specially adapted little 14-bore gun that breaks in half and

fits snugly unseen into his inside pocket, has been a legend in the twilight world of poaching for decades, and the added challenge of a price on his head could not, at this late date, put much fear into his heart. Billy Moore snared his first rabbit at age 10 and earned his first poaching conviction at 11. Poaching, quite simply, is his life, his first and only true love. "It is," he confides in his Essex twang, "my payin' hobby, you might say."

In his 38 years of poaching, many of the pheasants, rabbits and hares that have made Moore's hobby pay so well

have been snatched from beneath the eyes of gamekeepers who patrol the 4,000-acre estate of Captain John Jolliffe Tufnell, the squire of Great Waltham. Many of Moore's 80 poaching convictions have been for poaching on Squire Tufnell's land. For generations Tufnell's ancestors, whose motto was *Esse quam videri* (to be, rather than to seem), and their gamekeepers battled poachers but never against one so persistent as Billy Moore. "The man's no more to me than a mosquito," snaps the tweedy squire as he stands in front of the log fire in the study of his 17th century mansion,

continued

IN A GHELMSFORD PUB, POACHER MOORE DISPLAYS TWO FINE BRACE OF PHEASANT



THE PAYIN' HOBBY OF BILLY MOORE

by TIMOTHY GREEN

*Your taste buds will tell you why
you'll feel better about smoking
with the taste of Kent!*



Your taste will become clear and alive, because

KENT with the MICRONITE filter
refines away harsh flavor...
refines away hot taste... makes the
taste of a cigarette mild and kind!

Get your taste buds back to normal. Try a carton of Kent without switching and see how Kent is kind-tasting to your taste buds, kind-tasting to your throat. Enjoy the wonderful taste of the world's finest quality tobaccos. Then try your old brand! What a difference in taste! You'll feel better about smoking with the taste of Kent.



Ted Williams' name is no longer in the box scores. But you'll find it on a wide range of sports items that are available only at Sears.

Why **Sears** signed Ted Williams —as a playing manager

As a Sears, Roebuck and Co. consultant, Ted Williams brings to his new job the same keen eye and straight talk that set him apart as a ball-player. Read how he helps Sears field-test and improve its sports equipment—in order to give you *more for your money*.

Why did Sears sign Ted Williams? For one simple reason. To add a cold, professional viewpoint on the quality of every piece of Sears sports equipment *before* it gets into the Sears catalog or any one of the 740 Sears department stores.

Williams is a *working* consultant. He helps Sears *select* the sports items it

sells. He personally *field-tests* them. And he suggests *improvements* in order to keep Sears a stride ahead in the sporting goods field.

He may recommend putting bigger, stronger wheels on a camp trailer. Lighter soles on a pair of hunting boots. Softer leather in the liner of a fielder's glove—to create the proper "feel."

Making sure its products really *work* has always been a main concern of Sears. That's the reason behind the \$50,000,000 Sears testing laboratory.

And that's the reason for signing Ted Williams. If the legendary Williams' baring eye can't detect a flaw, Sears knows the item is absolutely first-rate.

Ted Williams' name on any sports equipment you buy at Sears is not just an empty endorsement.

It means that your judgment in choosing this product is backed by a man who would never lend his name to anything he wouldn't use himself.

Langley's "But," the squire adds with a touch of ire, "mosquitoes can be a damned nuisance. I am being pounced out of existence. If he is not caught—alive, of course—by next winter I shall raise the reward to £200. I don't mind if a chap takes an occasional bird or rabbit for himself, but this bounder has made a commercial business out of it."

Not only has Poucher Billy Moore made money from his frequent hauls from Tufnell's estate, he has also forced Squire Tufnell to retire from his post as justice of the peace in the local magistrates court. "It was ridiculous," confessed the squire. "Nearly every time I held a court, Moore would be brought before me. He was making a laughing-stock of me. Each time he left court he'd say to the policeman on the door, 'I can soon make up that £5 fine with a few more birds off the squire's estate.'"

Three years ago, in an effort to curb Moore's prowling, Tufnell was granted an injunction restraining Moore from trespassing on the estate. Now if Moore is caught on the squire's land he can be sent to prison. But with only three gamekeepers to patrol the nine-mile boundary

of his heavily wooded estate, the squire has met his match in Billy Moore. Slipping beneath barbed-wire fences on dark, wet nights, scrambling along ditches half filled with icy water, stealing softly through spinneys, Moore has now evaded the squire and his gamekeepers for the three years that the injunction has been in force. A £100 reward may entice locals to keep a wary eye open for Moore in action. But as Billy pulls another brace of plump pheasant from the large poucher's pocket inside his jacket and admires them in the warm light of the storm lantern in his cottage kitchen, the prospect of being turned in by an informer worries him not at all. "These farm lads are my best customers," Moore points out. "I specialize in farm laborers; they're a decent lot on the whole. And I know which ones would turn me in—I haven't lived here for 23 years for nothing."

"Maybe I can't hop about now like I used to when I was a young 'un," Moore says, "but I learn a few more tricks each year. It still takes more than one gamekeeper to catch me. I'm always moving fast—bang, bang, and I'm gone. Of course, I've been fired at a couple of times; and they're never far behind me, but I lose

them in the ditches. I've laid in ditches and ponds full of water for hours to hide from them. They do catch me from time to time and I'm fined, but I always square up. I just increase my activities. The more they fine me, the more I pouch."

Until 1960 the fine for poaching was generally £5, and Moore did not worry if the gamekeepers nabbed him. "I was often a sitting target. I remember last time I was caught I was ferreting rabbits on the squire's land in the spinney up behind the keeper's house. He was diggin' in his garden and he could see me with my ferrets but I didn't think he'd do anything about it. Unfortunately he did." Since 1960 the maximum fine has been £50, and now Moore admits philosophically, "You need a lot of pheasants for £50. In the last two years I ain't been pinched—that's the longest I've gone."

A cracking of explosions

Since October, Moore has netted between £30 and £40 a week tax-free. On a good day he may shoot 20 brace of pheasant and sell them at £1 a brace. In an average week he will shoot a dozen rabbits each morning, which he sells for five shillings apiece. "I sell the pheasants dirt cheap at £1 when you think I have

continued



FINAL SALE MADE, BILLY HAPPILY SPENDS THE REST OF THE EVENING DOWNING PINTS OF BROWN ALE WITH WHISKY CHASERS

to pay for my guns and cartridges"—not that a marksman of Moore's caliber wastes many shots.

He scoffs at any suggestion that the noise of his guns may attract gamekeepers or the dreaded highway patrol, but he has his own crafty schemes for throwing the law into confusion. Before venturing into one choice corner of the squire's estate he scoots around all nearby spinneys with firecrackers which fire automatically every 20 minutes. With the whole area ringed, and the gamekeepers running in circles amid a crackling of explosions, he is far away at the other end of the estate shooting undisturbed.

Squire Tufnell, like many English landowners, lets out rights to a syndicate of eight men who each pay £150 a year to shoot on his land. When the syndicate comes to Langleys for a weekend shoot, Moore also moves into action. As the syndicate's guns start to bang and startled pheasants whir up and away, Moore is already slyly hidden in heavy underbrush on the neighboring Seabrook estate, his gun at the ready. "I know just where they'll scare those pheasants to, and I'm waiting."

Although he plans his activities carefully for such important occasions, his normal poaching follows a free and easy pattern. "I don't know where I'm going when I set out in the morning," he confides. "I go where my inclinations point. I may go down the road and then maybe turn round and go in another direction." His day follows no set routine, and he can work when and as he pleases. He often will ferret half a dozen rabbits in the morning, then shoot three brace of pheasant in the evening—making £4 10 shillings, while still having the best hours of the day for himself at home. But on his serious days Moore is away down the lane from his cottage before 4 a.m. "Very early morning is the best time for poaching," he insists. "Even the gamekeepers are asleep then, and the best morning of all is Friday, when the farmers all go to market."

The trend of poaching today is toward organized gangs in fast cars racing down to the country from London at night for a quick, hard campaign. But to Moore poaching remains a craft to be practiced alone, stealthily, in the misty peace of dawn. Moore says, "You've got to go on your own. If you take a mate with you, you cut yourself in half sharing the money. Three's a crowd: they soon find



IN HIS STUDY SQUIRE TUFNELL MAPS MOVES AGAINST "BOUNDER" BILLY MOORE

you out, I'd sooner be in a wood on my own."

Moore is a very lone sort of wolf. He gets his pheasants or rabbits himself and he sells them himself. No middlemen cut into his profits. Back home from a hard day's poaching, Moore cleans his rabbits and ties up his pheasants in his kitchen by the flaring light of the storm lantern (no electricity yet penetrates his remote lane), which casts eerie shadows among nooses of snares hanging on the wall. Then he loads them into the trunk of his car and drives seven miles to the nearest large town, Chelmsford. Pulling into a pub car park on the outskirts of the town, he slips inside for a quick drink and a careful look for police before going back to his car for two handsome brace of pheasant and a couple of rabbits. Returning to the bar, he spots a regular customer just leaving, grabs him by the arm:

"Back inside, Jim. I got two nice rabbits here you'll like." They order pints of brown ale and swiftly do business beneath the bar as drinks appear on top. Then, giving the pubkeeper a knowing wink, The King hauls a brace of pheasant out and proudly wanders around the tables of the pub looking

for buyers. Five minutes later he is £1 10 shillings richer and, with a cheerful good night to all, moves on to the next pub.

"I cater to all classes from farm workers up," Moore claims proudly. "They like my birds—they look nice and taste better. And I say if you like 'em, tell others. That's how I get ready sales."

The constant demands of customers who look to Moore each week for a cheap bird for the pot is the main reason that Squire Tufnell's reward is having little effect on Billy's activities. "I can't afford to stop," he says. "I have too many customers to satisfy."

But the squire is determined, too. He sits often in his study, surrounded by portraits of his ancestors and paintings of hunting scenes, puffing a cigarette in a long holder and perusing a detailed 19th century map of his lands that shows every spinney and footpath. Planning his campaign with military skill he acquired during his career in the Grenadier Guards, Squire Tufnell vows: "Now the fight is really on. He may think he's clever but I shall get him yet."

It may take a guards' regiment to do it.

END



Rescue a damsel in distress...

and dry off without a wrinkle

(it takes Kodel to do it)

Modern-day knights don't need armor... they need Kodel. It's the champion of stay-fresh fibers, and it's what keeps this raincoat looking smooth and neat. Before you go charging out into a storm again, make sure your coat has Kodel.

Alligator all-weather coat will go with you everywhere. A fine poplin of 55% Kodel polyester, 45% Topel* rayon. \$29.95. Other styles in blends with Kodel from \$24.95 to \$49.75.

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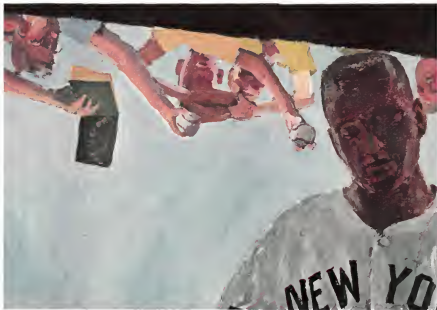
SPRING TRAINING: FRESH STARTS AND OLD HOPES



SPRING TRAINING'S A HAPPY DREAM, A CLOUDLESS SKY. THE MANAGER SMILES. HIS 20-GAME WINNER WILL REPEAT, HIS VETERAN WILL COME BACK, HIS ROOKIE WILL STICK. OF COURSE, THE OTHER CLUBS WILL BE STRONGER. THE FAVORITE EXPECTS SOME TROUBLE FROM AT LEAST SIX TEAMS. NO ONE WILL FINISH WORSE THAN FIFTH. ALL IS WELL; HARSH REALITY WILL COME MUCH LATER



THERE IS PRIVACY IN A BATTING CAGE (ABOVE), BUT A DUGOUT IS A FISHBOWL FOR STARS LIKE SLUGGER ROGER MARIS



IN THE DIM PASSAGEWAY BENEATH
THE STADIUM, COLORFUL SYMBOLS
OF THE GAME MATCH THE BRIGHT
REALITY ON THE PLAYING FIELD







ELDERLY MEN SIT IN
THE HOT SUN ON
SPLINTERY BOARDS
FOR HOURS JUST TO
WATCH AN OBSCURE
GROUP OF ROOKIES
FROM A LAST-PLACE
TEAM TAKE A FEW
CUTS AT THE BALL





HOW TO BUILD A BALL CLUB

George Weiss can relax in the sun of St. Petersburg now, but for the last 12 months he has been in constant and furious motion, creating the New York Mets out of his own long experience and somebody else's \$5 million

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

In midmorning of Washington's Birthday 1961, the unlisted telephone rang in George Martin Weiss's colonial home in Greenwich, Connecticut. The caller was Michael Donald Grant, a prominent stockbroker and president of the Metropolitan Baseball Club, Inc., eventually to be known as "the Mets." Weiss and Grant knew each other only slightly, and after some brief preliminary exchanges, Grant, calling from his Long Island home, came directly to the point. "I could talk to you for an hour and a half, Mr. Weiss," he said, "and still come up with one simple question: If we wanted someone to run our organization, would you be available and would you be interested?"

Weiss, a man as laconic as he is polite, replied that the proposition conceivably could interest him but that he had

more or less reconciled himself to doing nothing for a while and was preparing to leave for Florida the next day—to do nothing in a practical if nostalgic way by watching the major league teams go through their spring-training paces. A short further discussion disclosed that both men would be in Manhattan that afternoon, and Weiss accepted Grant's invitation to meet him for dinner at the Savoy Hilton Hotel.

In the fall of 1960 Weiss, age 66, and his old friend and baseball compatriot, Casey Stengel (see cover), age 71, had been unceremoniously retired by the owners of the New York Yankees from active duty as general manager and manager, respectively, of the team they had jointly guided to 10 pennants and seven World Series victories in 12 seasons. Stengel forthwith adjourned to the bank of which he is a director in Glendale, California. From there he began issuing occasional Stengelian bulletins on the

continued

stable and satisfying condition of the banking business and the less stable condition of baseball. Weiss settled back in Greenwich and entertained half a dozen direct and indirect offers from other major league clubs.

While Weiss and Stengel were thus recuperating and cogitating, Donald Grant, a senior partner in the leading Wall Street brokerage and financial house of Fuhnestock & Co., was a busy and hectic man. His avid interest in baseball and his long friendship with Mrs. Charles Chapman Payson (the former Joan Whitney and sister of John Hay Whitney) had led him, about 20 years earlier, to buy Mrs. Payson one share in the late New York Giants, now of San Francisco. Mrs. Payson eventually collected about 10% of the Giants' stock, and Grant, who represented her baseball interests then as now, was the only member of the Giants' board of directors to vote against the team's departure.

When the Continental League was formed in the summer of 1959 as a potential third major league, headed by the inspirational 81-year-old Branch Rickey, Mrs. Payson was the principal backer of the prospective New York team. After the disbanding of the Continental League and the agreement by the majors to adopt some of its teams, it was generally assumed by Mrs. Payson, Grant and the rest of the New York group that Rickey would direct the fortunes of the new team. But for various reasons, among them Rickey's desire to live in Pittsburgh while running a team in New York, no satisfactory agreement with the old man was reached. It was then that Grant looked elsewhere. As he recently recounted, "Acting more or less on my own, I turned to the most obvious man in the world who might be available—to George Weiss, of course."

Over the dinner table at the Savoy Hilton that Washington's Birthday evening, Grant told Weiss what his problems were in getting a new ball team established. Essentially, they were two—personnel and parks—neither one of which the Mets as yet had. Weiss had spent many years dealing with such problems, but not even he suspected what he was letting himself in for when he told Grant he would think over the Mets' situation on his way to Florida, just as Grant said he would discuss it with Mrs. Payson and the other owners.

During the next week the two men spoke on the phone several times. On March 1, Weiss, who had taken pains to obtain his wife's approval, drove to Hobe Sound in Florida, where Mrs. Payson has a winter home, and at the request of Grant, who had come down from New York, submitted his terms for joining the Mets. They were promptly accepted, and it was agreed that Weiss would become president of the club and that Grant would move over to chairman of the board. The details of the five-year contract Weiss signed have not been disclosed, but he is believed to be receiving close to \$100,000 a year, more than he ever got from the wealthy Yankees.

Having spent his whole major league career in the American League, Weiss at first felt somewhat strange in joining with what had so long constituted enemy forces, but he had already begun to indoctrinate himself. "I was making a point of seeing as many National League teams in action in Florida as I could," he has since said, "and by the time I signed my contract I had seen all except the Giants and the

Cubs, who were training in Arizona. The first official act I performed was to sign up Johnny Murphy, the old Yankee relief pitcher and former head of the Red Sox farm system, as a scout for the New England area. He's since become my eastern administrative assistant."

Weiss actually had made one other preliminary move. Some months before, he had telephoned Elen C. (Robby) Robeson, chairman of the Florida Baseball Commission in St. Petersburg, where the Yanks had trained for three decades. Weiss knew the Yanks were about to move to Fort Lauderdale, though Robeson hadn't thought the shift was coming so soon. "From the standpoint both of training facilities and box-office appeal, St. Petersburg is beyond comparison, in my estimation," Weiss says, "and I asked Robeson to save it for me, even though I was out of baseball at the time. He promised he would, and he did."

On the first day of spring Weiss returned to New York and went to the Mets' office, where he took over the corner room previously occupied by Branch Rickey. Five of Rickey's old staff were still there: Charles Hurth, the former president of the now defunct Southern Association, whom Rickey had hired as general manager of the New York club in April 1960; Matt Burns, a former Dodger front-office associate of Rickey's, who had been brought in to work on cost schedules; Lou Nies, a promotion and public relations man; Margaret Regetz, who had been Rickey's private secretary; and Judy Wilpond, a receptionist. Weiss called them into his office and announced they would all keep their jobs and be given the same excellent pension and medical plan enjoyed by the Yankee organization. Thereupon, accompanied by Mrs. Weiss, he went down and bought himself a big new desk.

The desk, as of that moment, was just about all Weiss had to work with. He had two men out doing some preliminary scouting—Murphy, who was still in Florida, and Wad Matthews, a former Dodger and Chicago Cub front-office man and an old friend of Rickey's, who had been acting as Hurth's assistant and was currently looking at players in the Arizona training camps. A handful of "bird dogs"—ardent fans who help scout free-agent players on what amounts to a low retainer basis—were helping Matthews, but the Mets had no scouting system as such, no manager or coaches, and no more than 15 untried players who were holdovers from a Continental League arrangement Rickey had made.

Some time during the summer the National League would make public its plan for its eight teams to sell stipulated players to the Mets and to Houston, the other new entry for 1962. This was all Weiss could really count on to carry the franchise for the time being. As a man who is used to winning and hates a loser, Weiss made it clear at once that he was dedicated to a "make or break" policy for the next two years. "It's obvious we can't sit back and wait for younger players to develop," he said. "For two or three years we might have to go with one-year men, players good enough for that length of time. By then, we hope, our scouts and farm system will be showing results."

The other day, just before he went to Florida, Weiss was able to relax a bit and look back at the busiest year of his life. "Naturally, I regarded my job primarily from the pure baseball angle—how to build a ball club," he says. "I had no idea, when I began, of the tremendous amount of detail

work I would have to get into, of the sheer, overwhelming red tape involved. A lot of this had to do with the new city stadium to be built in Flushing Meadow, in Queens. This became my biggest problem and headache."

This problem also was twofold. First, there was the matter of approving the plans and getting construction started at the stadium, which is scheduled to be completed for the start of the 1963 season. Second, there was the unanswered question: Where could the Mets play in 1962? The proposed three-deck, 55,000-capacity municipal stadium—the first in the history of city government to be financed by bonds and operated on a self-liquidating rather than a subsidized basis—already had had a stormy history. It had been opposed by a strong minority in the New York City Board of Estimate but finally had been approved on January 27. At that time, low bids totaling \$17.8 million were received, which was \$1.5 million more than the city had planned to borrow.

A week before Weiss arrived in New York, there had been a two-day crisis in Albany, when the State Assembly, which has to give its approval for the use of park lands for commercial purposes, failed to come up with the necessary two-thirds vote. Overnight, 35 Assemblymen were prevailed upon to change their minds—as one of them put it, "The rack, the lash and the whip, you name it, they were all used"—and the bill went through.

Since the Mets would be the main tenant of the stadium, Grant and Newbold Morris, the parks commissioner, had gone over the plans in some detail. "Grant had gone off to Florida, the lawyers were busy working on the lease, and I was trying to be a parks commissioner again after three months of conferences when George Weiss walked into my office one morning," Morris recently recalled. "Everything was all set, I told him. Oh, no, said George, and off we went—for six more months!"

Weiss had come up with a list of some 200 items he wasn't satisfied with. Beautiful as the projected circular stadium looked on paper, he considered it an impractical shell full of imperfections. In effect, as Morris explains it, he wanted to start all over again. "It took me two weeks to convince George that we couldn't alter the plans structurally without going back to the Board of Estimate, which none of us wanted to do. Then we sat down, day after day and night after night, and went over every item of his. I've never been through anything like it. We usually met at my offices in Central Park. Often we'd go right through the dinner hour, or send out for something to eat. Once I took the whole group to the Tavern on the Green, thinking it would get everyone into a good mood, but it just gave George and Don Grant more energy. We spent six hours that night trying to solve the issue of where three clocks were to be placed and what kind of signs should go with them."

Days were spent on such questions as the number of toilets. The stadium plans called for 329, and Weiss, on the basis of what he knew about a shortage of such facilities at Yankee Stadium, especially for women, wanted 600 for the new park. Morris says, "I got so exasperated that I finally went up to the Yankee park and counted the number of toilets and then I called up Joan Payson, whom I've known all my life, and pleaded fair play with her. I asked her whether she figured on people going to a ball game or going to the toilet. But I finally gave in to George and Don and let

them have 526, and they can have more if they need them."

Prolonged bargaining went on about the number of exits and entrances, about ticket exchange booths, about railings around box seats, about restaurant, clubhouse and press-box construction and air conditioning, about the cost and operation of the big new scoreboard, about insurance and its allocation, about radio and TV advertising and advertising in general, about parking space (from which the city derives the income), about concessions and about such matters as outfitting fans and paying for year-round ground crews. Each item developed its own special set of proliferating complications. "As the owner of the park, the city retains complete control," Grant says. "Our problem was to get enough freedom so we wouldn't have to go to the city every time we wanted to change the color of a pencil."

Despite the wrangling and the occasional loss of tempers, the negotiators remained friendly. "There were times I felt we'd never get the thing off the ground," Weiss says, "and I even told Don Grant he could tear up my contract if it would make things any easier for him, but Don was always patient." As a veteran negotiator on business deals, Grant (who ultimately suffered an attack of double vision) was philosophic throughout. "No important deal I've ever made didn't seem about to fall through the day before it was signed," he says.

Toward the end of the negotiations, Morris arranged for Grant and Weiss to meet with officials of the City Housing Authority, who already had begun condemnation proceedings of the land around the Polo Grounds, where a new housing project is planned. After several sessions, the city agreed to rent the Giants' old park to the Mets for one year, while continuing its housing surveys. Negotiations then had to be conducted with the Giants in San Francisco, who still owned the tower lights, seats and turnstiles and were responsible for dismantling them. The Mets agreed to assume these obligations and will spend more than \$300,000 to put up new lights and a scoreboard, build a private club and restaurant, paint the stands and prepare the ground for playing. "We'll make the place sparkle," Grant says, "but just sparkle for a year."

Notwithstanding the intricate problems of the two leases, Morris, like Grant, was determined to work them through. "My feeling was, you go fishing, you gotta bring a fish home to dinner," he says. "The mayor had told us to bring in a ball team. I stuck to one thought—give the Mets what they want so long as the annual revenue they pay us, starting with \$425,000 a year and breaking down to less over 30 years, plus what we get from parking fees and other sources, will bring in enough annually to amortize the project." At the end, Morris did have to go back to the Board of Estimate for an added million dollars, raising the stadium's total cost to \$18,870,340. "When they looked at the final lease, a heavy package of print and legal doubletalk, a board member asked me, 'Who the hell wrote this?' Casey Stengel," I said. "I'll get him in to explain it to you." That broke them up, and the deal went through."

Both leases were signed during the week of the World Series. It was, as Weiss says, a week of decision all around. At the start of it, the Mets still had no proved players, no

continued

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LANCER—Lancer can cruise at turnpike speeds without pressing, but it uses gas sparingly, as a compact should. The same Torsion-Aire Ride used in our most expensive cars gives the Lancer an unusually comfortable ride. That's one reason you'll see so many one-car families driving it. Plenty of room for Mom and Dad, Junior, Sis, the cat and canary and all the gear. Above, the Lancer GT bucket seat sports model, \$2,257.*

Body styles—2- and 4-door sedans, 2-door hardtop, 4-door wagons. *Total:* 7. *Engines*—6 cylinders, 101 to 145 hp. *Prices* start at \$1,951.*

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PLYMOUTH—This full-size wagon is full of surprises for 1962. It gives you a lot more action on a lot less gas because it's all live weight. Acceleration is up as much as 10%—gas mileage improved as much as 7%. There's plenty of head and legroom (more legroom in the front seat than even the highest priced American cars except Imperial). The Plymouth Fury 3-seater, 9-passenger wagon shown, \$3,071.*

Body styles—2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, 4-door wagons, convertibles. *Total:* 25. *Engines*—6 or V-8, 145 to 305 hp. *Prices* start at \$2,206.*



CHRYSLER—This is the big, fast, powerful car that makes it easy to move up to the luxury class. Inside the Newport's all-welded Unibody, there's all the room you need for six, plus 33 cubic ft. of luggage space. Obviously, this is no junior edition. And Newport's 361 cubic inch V-8 engine gives you Chrysler-size performance on regular gas. Model shown \$3,027.*

Body styles—4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, 4-door hardtop wagons, convertibles. *Total:* 15. *Engines*—V-8, 265 to 380 horsepower. *Prices* start at \$2,964.*

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VALIANT—Action! Valiant's Slant Six Engine gives you more gumption than you ever expected in a compact. You get the economy of a compact, the style of an expensive import, and the passing power of a full-size car. We build this one for people with young ideas who want a lot of life and a lot of looks for as little money as possible. The Valiant V-300, 4-door sedan shown, \$2,087.*

Body styles—2- and 4-door sedans, 2-door hardtop, 4-door wagons. Total 7. Engines—6 cylinder, 101 to 145 hp. Prices start at \$1,930.*



IMPERIAL—If you have a taste for fine things and an income to match, Imperial is for you. This is the most luxurious car we make. The fine interior leathers are finished by hand. The broadcloth fabrics are shrink-fitted to the seats by live steam. There are 15,000 parts in the car and every one of them is inspected before use. It is truly America's most carefully built car. Above, the plush Le Baron model, \$6,422.*

Body styles—2- and 4-door hardtops, convertible. Total: 6. Engines—V-8, 340 hp. Prices start at \$4,920.*



DODGE—Dodge Dart is now priced with Ford and Chevrolet, and it's hard to find more car for your dollar. Every pound is live weight, making it easier to park, easier to whip through traffic. There's more sporting blood in Dodge this year. In the 440 model above (\$2,945*), a center armrest flips down and gives the effect of bucket seats. (The sporty Dodge Polara 500 gives you bucket seats and sizzling power.)

Body styles—2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, 4-door wagons, convertibles. Total: 26. Engines—6 or V-8, 145 to 305 hp. Prices start at \$2,241.*

NEW! The big **DODGE CUSTOM 880**—custom made for the big car man. It's the longest, roomiest, most luxurious Dodge. Overall length is almost 18 feet. The long wheel base and perfectly balanced torsion bar suspension system give you a remarkably smooth and stable ride. Available in 6 models—2- and 4-door hardtops, 4-door sedan, convertible, 6- and 9-passenger wagons. Prices start at \$2,964.

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Acceleration is up as much as 10%.

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, exclusive of destination charges. White available and wheel covers optional, extra, standard on Le Baron. Wheel covers standard on Lancer GT.

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park and no manager. Seven days later they had all three necessary components. Not the least was the redoubtable Stengel, who finally had been lured from his California bank to manage the Mets for at least a year.

"I had wanted Casey from the start, of course," Weiss says, "and I initially talked to him out on the Coast, before the first 1961 All-Star Game. He told me then, and later at the game, that he didn't know what he was going to do or how he would feel about coming back to New York. That's how it stood until just before the World Series, when I called him in Glendale and told him I had to have a manager before the player draft was made. 'If I had to tell you tonight, I'd say forget about me,' he said. I told him I hated to hear him say that. On Don Grant's astute suggestion, we then arranged for a conference call that was supposed to be at 8 o'clock in the morning, his time, but turned out to be 7 because the West Coast had already gone off Daylight Saving. Casey was full of sleep, so Mrs. Payson called him back alone an hour later and told him how much everyone in New York wanted him. Casey promised to call me the following morning, which he did, at 6 o'clock, his time. He said he had been up all night trying to make up his mind, and had decided that he owed a lot to baseball and that when nice people like Mrs. Payson wanted him and were willing to support the team so completely, he couldn't say no. His wife, Edna, later told us that he had really wanted to come and how glad she was we had called him again. He flew East right away."

Stengel, who spent years managing the lowly Dodgers and Braves in the '30s and early '40s before he joined the Yanks, was soon in top hot-stove-league form. Back in Glendale, explaining he had taken the job "because Weiss just got on the phone too often," he kept calling the Mets the Knackerbockers. "Everyone thinks this may be a losing ball club," he said, "but I always try to tell myself after, say, we blow a game, well, I tell myself like a swim that we'll win the next one." He returned to New York to ride on a special Met float in Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade.

Stengel's decision, in his 70s, to return to the nervous pastime of managing—and managing what most inevitably he a second-division team—surely was predicated on three considerations: first, on his loyalty to Weiss, who gave him his job with the Yankees; second, on his belief in the future of baseball and in the good will of the Mets' rich owners; and third, and perhaps most important, on the fact that he would like to show the cold and unimaginative management of the Yankees that he is not too old to run a ball team and that he and his old friend Weiss can give their vaunted competitors a run for the money, at least at the box office.

As important as the return of Stengel was, the most necessary event of that eventful Series-week was the drafting by the Mets of 22 players from the other National League clubs. According to the rules of the draft, held in Cincinnati after the last game, the Mets and Houston each had to take two players at \$75,000 apiece from each of the eight existing clubs; then, at their option, the newcomers could take another player valued at \$50,000 from each club, and choose, if they wished, no more than four premium players from the total list at \$125,000 per man.

Weiss had done his usual thorough job of preparation. During the spring and summer, despite having to give most of his attention to the stadium problem, he had gradually built up his general and scouting staff, and three of his aides were men with long and thorough National League experience. The first was Rogers Hornsby, now a Met batting coach, who was hired in April primarily to watch all major league games in Chicago and get a line on the men who might end up on the National League draft list and who



Stengel and Weiss, then "retirements"

might be traded for later with American League teams; Hornsby eventually filed reports on 450 players. When Cookie Lavagetto, who served out his playing career in the National League, was fired last June as manager of the Minnesota Twins in the American League, Weiss telephoned him and promised him a job of some sort (if Stengel had not become manager, the chances are that Lavagetto would have been the choice). At first Lavagetto, who is now a coach, was asked to scout National League games in San Francisco—he lives across the Bay in Oakland. When Solly Hemus subsequently was let out as manager of the St. Louis Cardinals last July, Weiss made a similar unpublish-

deal for Hemus to scout games in Los Angeles, he, too, is now a coach. "I asked the three of them—Hornby, Lavagetto and Hemus—to watch second-stringers especially and keep an eye on the bench," Weiss recalls, "to find out what was wrong with men who weren't playing and what their futures looked like. I went down to Philadelphia several times to see games myself, and we had some other scouts, like Murphy and Matthews, looking over the top minor leagues where the National League teams had men out on



at an end, laugh it up at Mets' spring-training camp

option. By the time of the draft, we had pretty thorough dossiers on the players we knew might be available."

A few days before the draft, when the lists were already known, Weiss, Stengel, Lavagetto, Hemus, Murphy and Hornby met in Weiss's New York office and went over the potential draftees carefully. Consequently, when the draft took place in Cincinnati, he knew almost exactly the men he wanted, and he ended up by getting two-thirds of his original choices. They included, mainly, Gil Hodges, the Dodgers' first baseman; Hobie Landrith, the Giants' catcher; Elio Chacon, the Reds' second baseman; Felix Mantilla, the Braves' second baseman and shortstop; Don Zimmer,

the Cubs' third baseman, who used to be with the Dodgers; Gus Bell, the Reds' outfielder; Joe Christopher, a Pirate outfielder; Pitchers Roger Craig (Dodgers), Sherman Jones and Jay Hook (Reds), Craig Anderson and Bob Miller and Al Jackson (Cards), and Ray Davault (Giants).

Weiss's aim at the draft was to create "a presentable ball club of talent." He didn't feel, at the time, that he had enough choice to think in terms of balance, but he did keep in mind where the Mets would play this year, and in Hodges, Bell and Zimmer, and to a lesser extent in Christopher and Ed Bouchet, a left-handed-hitting first baseman drafted from the Cubs to spell Hodges, he chose men who are good pull hitters and can aim for the short Polo Grounds fences. Since the draft, which cost them \$1.8 million, the Mets have notably filled out their roster by buying Frank Thomas, a long-ball-hitting outfielder, from the Braves, and Charley Neal, the Dodgers' second baseman, who can also pull the ball. With Thomas and Bell holding down the two flanking outfield posts, Weiss then wanted a man who could cover the endless prairies of center field in the Polo Grounds, and for this purpose he bought Richie Ashburn from the Cubs; while he doesn't hit the long ball, Ashburn, one of the finest fielders in the history of the game, has twice won the National League batting crown. Upon Ashburn and Hodges, who are 34 and 37 years old respectively, as well as on veterans Thomas, Bell, Zimmer and Neal, and on their young and untried pitchers, the Mets' fortunes will primarily depend this year. No matter what, Weiss undeniably has succeeded in building an attractive first-year team (it, incidentally, includes five ex-Dodgers—Pitcher Clem Labine being the fifth) that, conceivably, could finish as high as sixth. Its weaknesses are at catcher and in a shortage of experienced pitchers. Two that Weiss bought provisionally—Johnny Antonelli and Billy Loeb—recently decided to quit baseball.

Throughout last year, while he knew he would mainly have to depend on the draft, Weiss was busily providing for the Mets' long-term future. At bottom, a ball team's success depends upon its scouts. Weiss's problem, when he took over in March 1961, was to find experienced scouts, no easy task, because at that point most of the good men had been signed for the 1961 season. Scores of letters and telephone calls were received from candidates. Though Weiss made all final decisions and selections, the applications passed through the hands of Harth and Matthews. In November, Harth resigned as general manager (he is still being paid) and he has not yet been replaced. Weiss, in effect, is his own general manager. Matthews is currently western administrative assistant, complementing Murphy in the East.

The team today has a total of 21 full-time and 15 part-time scouts, plus 60 or 70 bird dogs. They operate under the immediate supervision of Bill Bergesch, the 37-year-old head of the Mets' farm system, who was brought in from Kansas City, where he had been assistant general manager and farm director, having spent 14 previous years with the Cards. A personable young man who fits the Weiss prescription of a serious and dedicated baseball executive, Bergesch directs the careers of 98 young ballplayers owned by the Mets. These 98 are mostly free agents—senior, college or high school kids with no professional experience as

continued

yet. They are at the foot of the baseball ladder, as distinguished from the 36 players now on the Met roster. The 98 are assigned to the four minor league teams with which the Mets have working agreements. These are Syracuse, a triple-A International League team; Santa Barbara, a Class C team on the West Coast; and two D clubs, Quincy, Ill., and Auburn, N.Y.

The Mets so far have spent about \$70,000 for half a dozen bonus players, and their minor league operation in all has cost an approximate \$250,000 for scouting, plus \$125,000 for the current working agreements. Salaries for young players and managers add another \$250,000. Including what the Mets are spending to refurbish the Polo Grounds and to build their own facilities at the new stadium, plus the amount spent in the draft and for other player purchases, more than \$5 million will have been expended before any revenue is returned. "This is a tremendous amount of money, of course," Weiss says reflectively. "It means a lot to know that Mrs. Payson is willing to spend what we deem necessary to produce a respectable team, but that doesn't mean the ceiling is unlimited. It will take time and patience, and there's a lot of luck as well as skill involved, but with any sensible management the future ought to justify itself financially. We may not have a winner for a while, but I don't think we'll have anything to be ashamed of."

It's doubtful that anyone, including a younger Branch Rickey, could have accomplished what Weiss has done in the last year; could, above all, have kept his eye on so many developing situations, each one involving masses of detail, at once.

Take, for example, the task of selecting a radio and TV sponsor. "We had to start from scratch, with roughly 40 prospective sponsors to choose from," Weiss says. "Two beer companies came down to the wire together, and we chose Rheingold, primarily because of the extra promotional values involved for us, including their Miss Rheingold contest, with which we're already being associated in ads. This is part of our desire to educate more women to baseball. Incidentally, the five-year contract we signed with Rheingold comes to more than \$6 million. It's the biggest TV-radio deal ever made in baseball."

A thousand applications for telecasters and broadcasters were received, and were screened by Tom Meany, a former New York sportswriter and author whom Weiss hired to be the Mets' top public-relations man (Niss is now road secretary). Meany and Niss listened to 160 tape recordings. The applicants included men who claimed reputations (and submitted accolades from their families and friends) as public speakers, a woman who confessed her husband had never done any broadcasting, "but, oh boy, does he know baseball!", and a man from North Dakota who proudly described himself as "The Voice of the Heart of the Black Hills." The top spot was awarded to Lindsey Nelson, who didn't submit a tape. Nelson is best known as a football announcer, but he has done the baseball *Game of the Week* for the last nine years. His assistants will be Bob Murphy, a former announcer for the Red Sox and Orioles, and Ralph Kiner, former National League home run king who worked the White Sox games last year.

Already the Mets have run up the largest advance sale on season tickets in Polo Grounds history. Construction on the

new Flushing Meadow stadium has started. The return of the National League to New York will be celebrated formally with a ticker-tape parade on April 12, the day before the Mets play their home opener with the Pirates.

Last week, down in sunny St. Petersburg, George Weiss and Casey Stengel were back at the old familiar stand—Miller Huggins Field, on the north side of town. If the two men, in this geriatric city, felt their age, they were not showing it. Stengel in particular was more active in the first week of spring training than he had ever seemed in his days as Yankee manager. He made a special point of conducting his young pitchers and catchers on a tour of the infield, spryly demonstrating the technique of base running off each base and lecturing them on how to lay down a sacrifice bunt-and-run.

Throughout the day, and often long into the evening, for the benefit of the press, he kept up a running patter of Stengelese on many subjects. For a day or so he sounded like an angry old man as he defended his two-platooning with the Yankees. He made no attempt to hide his bitterness at having been fired. But then he began noticeably to warm to the challenge of his new job.

"You show 'em, Case," shouted codgers his age, who packed the stands mostly to see him, and he winked and waved at them. "I'm out to build a good ball club as soon as I can," he announced. "This ain't gonna be no five-year plan. Why, this is a great opportunity for a young ballplayer. If he can show me, I'll put him right in that lineup, and I'll get him more money, too. I ain't a banker for nothin', you know."

Stengel's plan, as much as it can be at this point of experimentation, is to develop a young player to match a veteran at each position. Weiss, who came out to the park regularly—he was even besieged by autograph hounds ("they never even knew who I was on the Yanks," he beamed, as he signed away)—concurred with Stengel's approach. "I told Casey and the coaches that they have to keep telling these fellows, both the old ones and the youngsters, that they've got a chance, that it doesn't take too much to be a winner in this even-up league," he said. "Also, that they're in New York, where every ballplayer wants to be, and don't let 'em forget it."

As one of the most astute traders in the business, Weiss is aware that he needs help—especially on pitching. "A year ago, everyone down here was promising me all kinds of help," he said, "but now, of course, it's different. We're in the league now and no one wants to give me anything, but I'll keep trying." He paused, and his eyes were full of southpaws. Stengel, meanwhile, was praying for rain—out on the West Coast, that is, where Walter O'Malley is running into weather trouble completing Chavez Ravine in time for the opening of the season. "If Walter don't get that park done in time," he said, "I'll get that man I want. He'll have to sell him to me. Got my eye on him already." He cut a Stengel caper on the way to the batting cage, where he put a protective arm around a youngster a quarter his age. "Listen, son . . ." he said, and the decibels dropped as he whispered a bit of ancient baseball lore to one of the Mets of tomorrow.

END

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A close call for the Blues

in bridge, as in other sports, eager youth presses hard on aging champion, and the end of Italy's long reign is now in sight

Italy's superb Blue Team won its fifth successive World Contract Bridge Championship in New York last week, but the Blues almost faded white before victory finally was secured. The formidable sixsome headed by Carl Albertos Perroux had little trouble with the Argentines, battering them 420-308, or with the British, whom they beat almost as badly, 365-286. But John Gerber's North Americans made it clear that Italy's long dominion over the bridge tables is coming to an end, and that end may come as soon as next year. Gerber's young team put up a tenacious battle before losing 331-305, and the match was even closer than the score would indicate.

Gerber's comparatively inexperienced internationals obviously were jittery at the start when, largely through bad luck on slam bids, they fell 64 International Match Points behind Louis Tarlo's British team. But immediately after this they settled down to business, taking a conclusive lead in their first match with Argentina.

Next day they opened against Italy with a 110-to-78 barrage that alarmed the perennial champions. However, in the second session with Britain, the North Americans lost another 11 IMPs, and Johnny Gerber began to think about benching his two youngest players, Mervin Key and Ron Von der Porten. When Italy bounced back with a 71-32 rally on the first 14 deals of their second session against the Americans, Gerber decided to put this plan into operation at once. At first the move seemed to backfire as Italy continued to pile up points and ended the day with a 48-point advan-

tage. But the wisdom of Gerber's move was to pay off in a big way later.

The most successful captain of an earlier era, P. Hal Sims, had promulgated an edict for his famous Four Horsemen, "Never bid a grand slam." Both the American and British captains might profitably have issued a similar order to their squads, but after a number of unsuccessful attempts to earn the large bonus for bridge's biggest bid, Britain finally brought one home as a result of a fine auction by Alan Truscott and Anthony Friday on the deal shown at right.

In the closed room, where the deal was played first, a North American pair sat North-South, and the bidding had gone:

EAST (Rear)	SOUTH (Murray)	WEST (Goodman)	NORTH (Coon)
PASS	3♠	PASS	3♦
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	6 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Coon's response of two diamonds to the forcing artificial bid of two clubs announced a hand that might be extremely weak. Murray chose his rebid with the idea of playing a no-trump contract from the "right" side of the table—that is, with the lead coming up to one of his red ace-queens rather than through them, as might happen if North were to respond two no trump to a rebid of two spades.

A club or a spade opening might have made declarer guess which finesse to take for an overtrick. However West opened the diamond 4, and when East put up the king, declarer had 13 top tricks regardless of the spade break.

A capacity audience in the theater

then watched the English pair bid the hand this way on Bridge-O-Rama:

EAST (Wardle-Potter)	SOUTH (Truscott)	WEST (Miles)	NORTH (Parker)
PASS	3♠	PASS	3♦
PASS	3♠	PASS	3♦
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	6♠
PASS	6♠	PASS	7♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Superficially, it might appear that North was guessing that his partner held all four aces, but in fact the bidding sequence clearly revealed South's hand. The two-club opening was artificial and showed a powerful hand. Two spades showed at least a five-card suit. Three no trump showed double stoppers in the unbid suits. The jump to six clubs showed a 5-4-2-2 distribution and, looking at the king-queen of spades in his own hand, Friday could be sure that his partner could not have the indicated distribution for three no trump and the leap to six clubs without a hand that included all the aces. This brought the top-card trick count up to 12 and a sure 13th must be added by a heart ruff in dummy, making the grand slam in spades superior to one in clubs.

continued

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer

		NORTH	
♠	K Q 9	♠	J 2
♥	J	♥	10 9 5 4 3
♦	J 10 9 7	♦	K 6 3
♣	Q 10 6 4 2	♣	9 8 7
		WEST	
♠	7 5 3	♠	J 2
♥	K 8 7 6 2	♥	10 9 5 4 3
♦	K 5 4 2	♦	K 6 3
♣	3	♣	9 8 7
		SOUTH	
♠	A 10 8 6 4	♠	A Q
♥	A Q	♥	A Q
♦	A K J 5	♦	A K J 5

In fact, against a trump opening, the heart ruff in dummy relieved declarer of any need to guess a red-suit finesse, and the British team gained 13 IMPs. Those 13 IMPs proved a prophetic figure—though they were tainted the other way round when the match was over. Before that happened, however, Friday had to make one more vital decision on the very last deal of the match, shown at right.

The North American team was 10 IMPs ahead with only this hand remaining, and the audience knew that the bidding in the closed room had been:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(P)	(West)	(North)	(South)
PASS	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Britain's Rose opened a heart, giving Coon time to discard a diamond on a top spade. Next he cashed the heart king and ruffed a heart. When the queen of clubs appeared on the first trump lead, Coon lost only two tricks.

Thus, the pressure on spectators was tremendous as they sat for five minutes while Friday thought over his final bid in this auction:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(P)	(North)	(East)	(South)
PASS	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	3♥	PASS	PASS
?			

At the commentator's table we were pointing out that if Friday bid three no trump, that contract could not be defeated as the cards lay and would be

East-West vulnerable West dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠	A 10 8 5	♠	A 6 2
♥	10 9 8 4	♥	A 6
♦	K Q	♦	A 8 5 4
♣	A 8 2	♣	9 7 4

WEST	EAST
♠ Q 7	♠ A 6 2
♥ K 7 5	♥ A 6
♦ 10 7	♦ A 8 5 4
♣ K 4 10 6 5 3	♣ 9 7 4

SOUTH	
♠ A 4 3 1	
♥ Q J 4 2	
♦ A 8 6 3 2	
♣ Q	

worth exactly 10 IMPs and a tie. So would a bid of five clubs if that contract was made—as no doubt it would be unless Mathe opened a diamond. But what if Mathe doubled a three-no-trump contract? Or a contract of four clubs? That would give Britain enough points to win the match.

Later I asked Friday what had gone through his mind during his protracted study. His answer will shed some light on what experts think about when, to the kibitzer, there is no apparent problem. Vulnerable against nonvulnerable opponents, West's hand seems to offer small promise of game facing a partner who could not find a rebid even though West had responded freely. But in the last hand of a match, caution must sometimes be cast to the winds by a

team that estimates it is on the short end of the score. Tony was mentally going over his scorecard and trying to figure whether it was likely that he and Truscott had gained enough to put the British ahead. "If I had decided to bid," he added, "of course I should have had a shot at three no trumps."

Audience tension was terrific until word finally came: "West passes." The pent-up pressure burst with a roar. Nail could afford to go down three tricks without losing points on the board. In fact, he went down only one and North America gained 3 IMPs to win by 13.

In the final 48 deals against England, the Americans had bounced back from a 61-IMP deficit. By comparison, the 17-IMP deficit they would carry into the last 48 deals against Italy on the final day of play seemed insignificant. It looked as if the team had finally found itself, and in the Italian camp one could sense the same feeling of uncertainty that had prevailed when the American team took a 32-point lead in the first 48 boards they played.

But in the final set of boards, it was the Americans who started off badly, doubling two less-than-game contracts which the Italians made for big gains. The Americans fought back gamely. Having dropped behind by 48 points with only 34 deals remaining, they recovered 10 in the next 14 deals and 12 more in the last 20, thanks largely to a 19-point pickup on a deal (see column) that provoked the week's liveliest cheering from the Bridge-O-Rama audience.



IMMUTABLE BRITISH CAPTAIN LOUIS TARLO COACHES TEAM BETWEEN SESSIONS AS HIS WIFE STANDS DISCREETLY APART

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH			
♠	K 8 6 5		
♥	K 10 4 3		
♦	K Q N 5 4		
WEST			
♠	K 10 5 3		
♥	10 4 3		
♦	7		
♣	A 10 7 6 2		
EAST			
♠	A Q 9 4 2		
♥	Q 9 7		
♦	A 6		
♣	J 9 3		
SOUTH			
♠	J 8 7 6		
♥	A J 2		
♦	Q J 9 8 5 3		
♣			

The audience knew that when this deal was first played with Eugenio Chiaradia as declarer, sitting South, at a mere five-diamond contract, he had gone down one. Ruffing the spade opening, he had led the king of clubs and discarded when East played low. Coon won with the ace and shifted to a trump. Another trump lead left dummy with only one trump and forced Chiaradia to try to avoid a heart loser. He played to drop the queen, without success.

So the spectators groaned when they heard the American North-South pair produce the following auction:

WEST (B. Radstone)	NORTH (Vail)	EAST (A. Coon)	SOUTH (Mathe)
PASS	PASS	♠	2♠
♦♦	♦♦	PASS	PASS
DBL.	PASS	PASS	PASS

West's opening lead of the spade 3 was trumped in dummy, and Mathe started off as Chiaradia had, leading the king of clubs. But when East played low, the Californian ruffed, and the American rooters took hope. If perfectly played, the slam could be made.

Mathe ruffed three more spades, returning to his own hand each time by trumping clubs. Then dummy led a low heart and declarer successfully finessed the jack. After that it was easy. The queen of diamonds forced out East's ace, East's last spade was trumped, and Mathe still had one more diamond with which to extract Avarelli's last trump. The ace-king of hearts won the last two tricks and brought home a score of 1,540 to add to the 100 gained at the other table.

After that, however, the hands turned small and flat, leaving no chance for the kind of swings the Americans needed. Italy held 26 points of her lead to keep the Bermuda Bowl. In a fine old sporting tradition, we Americans will wait till next year.

END

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LEATHER LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN

The setting seems a most unlikely one for anything as delicate as suede, particularly suede that has been sheared to tissue thinness and given the supple sheen of silk. Yet suede—as it has never been seen before—is the newest “old favorite” around the international racing pits, where drivers from veterans like Stirling Moss to young aces like Roger Penske (*left*) are wearing new leather jackets over their racing coveralls.

For women the new suedes have the added dash of a just-over-from-Europe look—suede has become a mainstay at the boutiques maintained by the couture houses of France and Italy. But the big news is in American suedes. Lighter weights have been made possible by the use of high-speed circular saws that cut through leather skins; and finishes such as Scotchgard, a water-repellent, and Quilon, an oil-replacing chemical that nukes it possible to have the new suedes dry-cleaned anywhere, formerly, leather specialists had to restore the oils removed from skins in cleaning. New tanning processes keep downy-surfaced skins from cracking, or shedding, and have helped make this delicate leather more durable. Dye processes have been improved, too, and the new suedes can be had in delicate pastels. Their cushionerelike surfaces have been napped with sandpaper, and surface soil can be removed the same way. Pressing is simple, with a dry iron on the wrong side.

The versatility of spring suedes is shown on these four pages at Alfred Momo's garage in Queens, New York City, where many outstanding U.S. drivers have their cars prepared for racing. Cooper Driver Penske (SI, July 10, 1961) wears a sueded lamb jacket by Breier of Amsterdam. It has the collar-band cut of racing drivers' coveralls and elasticized knit cuffs. The spring-hued dress in silk-lined tissue suede worn by Wilhelmina Behmenburg (*right*) is Leather-mode's, behind her are one of Alfred Momo's Jaguar XK-Es and a crimson Maserati 3500 G.T.





Suedes are already moving into stores at almost double the rate of last year. Jene Seear's tricolor suit (left) from Roger Van S combines a tissue-weight suede blouse with heavier suede jacket and pleated walking skirt.

Barbara Feldon's suede pantaloons (right), designed by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills, are just the right length to stay off the grease-stained floorboards of a garage, are worn here with a Danish hand-knit sweater from the same firm.

WHERE TO BUY

Breier of Amsterdam suede jacket on page 52 is \$40 at Bloomingdale's, New York. The pink dress by Leathermode is \$70 at Knuffmann's, Pittsburgh and John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Chiffon square is by Bersote, patent spectator pumps by Pappagallo. The Roger Van S suit (opposite) is priced in unis: blouse \$30, skirt \$65, jacket \$70; all are at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis and Dayton's, Minneapolis. Jersey beret is by Jauntie. On this page Sills pantaloons, \$65, and cardigan, \$55, Lord & Taylor, New York.



The cars with the secret ingredients

Two Daytona wizards tell how a 'stock' car is built, and a road racing ace learns to drive one



POTENT TRIO of John Holman (left), Dan Gurney and Ralph Moody displays a competition stock car chassis and, beyond, a completed Ford racer of the type that Gurney drove in the 500.

To the 62,400 spectators at Florida's Daytona International Speedway last week, the annual 500-mile race—the Indianapolis of stock car competition—was essentially a swift and noisy automotive circus. They paid \$5 to \$20 each to watch 48 American passenger cars parade round Daytona's 2½-mile track at quite astonishing speeds (up to 159 mph), and they got their money's worth when hometown boy Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, in a 1962 Pontiac, disposed of a 1962 Plymouth contender toward the end and won at a record-breaking average of 152.529 mph.

What they did not see was the fearful struggle going on inside those familiar and innocuous-looking sedans—a nerve-jangling battle against invisible forces that are more powerful, more insidious at Daytona than at any other track in the country. Invisibly, as the drivers hustled around the track, a stream of turbulent air moved with them. Invisibly, engines and running gear labored under stresses that are placed upon them at no other track. Nowhere else in stock car racing are Daytona's speeds remotely approached, and only through their finger-

tips, tensely steering, and by the seats of their pants could the drivers read the ominous, unpredictable signs of the currents that might spin their cars or get them airborne.

So relieved was Roberts when his race afternoon's work was done that he grabbed his chief mechanic, Smokey (Best Damn Garage In Town) Yunick, and scandalized that sultry character by kissing him on both cheeks. Roberts said he had had "about three thrills a lap," had "got sideways" a number of times, had accidentally bumped two cars when wind-buffed and once "scraped the fence." Every other driver had similar tales.

Despite the implications of its name, a racing stock car is an animal sharply different from its showroom counterpart. Putting racing brawn and speed into a showroom passenger car has become a highly specialized art. Some experts in the field, like Smokey Yunick, are inclined to be secretive. Others, notably the racing partners John Holman and Ralph Moody, assume that there is nothing very mysterious about "building" stock cars, and since they not only

build, race and sell cars but also make and peddle all sorts of racing parts, they invite the curious to have a close look at what they are doing.

Holman, 44, is a wide-backed, blocky, gregarious man; Moody, 43, is slender and laconic. Both were involved with Ford's and Lincoln's racing efforts in the early '50s when Detroit automakers were more or less openly in stock car competition. When Detroit abandoned racing in 1957, Holman and Moody stayed on at their Charlotte, N.C. headquarters and continued to turn out Ford stock cars on their own. Since then, theirs have been the twilight Fords in competition, whether campaigned by themselves or, after being sold, by others. A Holman and Moody racer costs \$7,000; essential spare parts add another \$1,000 to the price.

"When we take a showroom car and begin to make a racing car of it," says Holman, "we have two things in mind. First, we want to make it safe at racing speeds. Second, we want to tune it up to get the job done as it should be done; we want as much speed as we can squeeze under the rules, and we want the

continued

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you're driving on the limit of tire adhesion," he said. "The thing is, here you are on the limit all the time. I'm not thinking about the differences in size or looks or about not using the brakes and gearbox as I would in a Grand Prix car, but about keeping within that limit."

"I have great respect for this track. You have to be right there, concentrating, every minute. The least lapse and you're likely to be sideways and in trouble."

If Gurney had heard about an experience of Fireball Roberts' the week before, his tension would probably have gone up several notches. Leading a pack of cars in a practice tour, Roberts' Pontiac suddenly left the pavement and came down 30 feet to one side, a few inches from a guardrail. The cause of this unsettling maneuver was a car behind him that suddenly cut across his slipstream. "Crossing that slipstream is like slamming into the wake of a speedboat on water skis," Roberts said, "but unlike a speedboat it affects the lead car as well as the car doing the crossing."

Gurney, an apt if apprehensive Daytona pupil, finished a careful, solid fourth in one of the 100-mile races preliminary to the 500. He was more impressive in the 500 itself two days later. Gurney led all the veteran Ford drivers for most of the distance that he lasted and was running powerfully in third place after 300 of the 500 miles. With what appeared to be icy assurance, he was neatly slipstreaming other cars, riding close behind in the partial vacuum created by the leading car. But after 340 miles his engine seized up. Reacting swiftly, he let out the clutch and rolled to a safe stop.

Asked later if he was becoming more comfortable on the speedway, Gurney said, "Well, yes, but with the G forces you have [i.e., centrifugal force developed in Daytona's high-speed turns] you get tired and you're likely to misinterpret the messages you get. I was going as fast as I could every lap, and while it may not have looked like much from the stands, I was fishtailing several times a lap."

His Daytona stint done, Gurney headed for Tulsa to inspect a novel turbine-powered racer that Owner Jack Zink is preparing for him to drive in the Indianapolis "500." He has never raced at Indianapolis; in fact, he has not yet even seen the old Brickyard. But after Daytona the new boy will have to be taken very seriously. **END**



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BOWLING / Rex Lardner

If golfers can do it, so can bowlers

**That is the opinion of
busy Eddie Elias, who organized
the four-year-old PBA**

Americans love to bowl, but when it comes to paying out money to see others do so, they couldn't care (or pay) less. In consequence, most full-time bowlers, like full-time skiers (SI, Feb. 26), have had to sustain themselves largely on pride and an occasional prize.

One nonbowling bowling fan, however, has long believed with all the tireless, backslapping, fast-talking energy in his restless frame that if other professionals can make a decent living at sport, bowlers should be able to do so too. Even before the pro skiers founded their own IPSRA, Eddie Elias was working on the Professional Bowlers' Association, patterned on golf's PGA. "But we didn't make the mistakes the PGA did," Eddie will tell you, "and we zoomed along four times as fast." Eddie, a swarthy, Arabic-speaking Ohio boy who calls people "Cuz" or "Cousin," believes that bowlers are "the most intelligent of athletes," also "the most appreciative, the most cooperative, the most gentlemanly. A few things the pro golfer is not. Bowlers are good boys." To help them, Eddie set up a whole series of three- and four-day tournaments to replace the six-month variety common to the sport. Then, besides setting up tours with respectable prize money for the winners and lining up TV shows for the elite of the PBA's 800 members, he furnished his bowlers with a life insurance plan, a pension fund and health and accident insurance. "Everything is optional," says Eddie. "We're no dictatorship."

Besides caring for their needs, the PBA nurses its members' self-respect by fining them \$10 for showing up late in the pad-dock, \$25 for not wearing their names on the backs of their shirts and \$10 for

giving out autographs during competition. The money goes into a pension fund. "Mainly we're interested in raising the stature of the bowler," says Eddie. "We didn't think up the idea of calling alleys 'lanes' and gutters 'channels,' but we're in favor of it."

One for the money

A former radio interviewer and announcer (at one time husy Eddie was doing 20 TV shows a week), Elias got the idea for the PBA while chatting with Don Carter and Dick Hoover on one of his shows. "When I found they didn't have an organization behind them like the PGA," he says, "I was stunned. I told them I'd like to chuck TV and start one, and that got things rolling. I talked with bowlers, the American Bowling Congress, bowling center proprietors and the two big pinsetter firms, and nearly went broke writing letters urging bowlers to join. I drew up a constitution, giving bowlers plenty of representation on the executive board. I'm in it for the money," I told them, and that convinced them. I didn't want to be president, just executive secretary, treasurer and legal counsel. Don Carter, the champion of them all, was our first president. In our first full year we had three tournaments, the second we had seven, the third we had 11. Last year we had a tournament in Puerto Rico, near San Juan, where they go absolutely crazy when you get a strike and die when you get a 7-10 split."

The PBA's initiation fee is \$50, and annual dues are \$100. These days prize money for tournaments is raised by charging bowlers an entry fee of \$100 and getting some extra dollars (\$10,800 minimum) from the proprietor of the lanes in which the tournament is held. The average prize for a PBA tournament is about \$25,000, with the first 32 earning a piece of it and the winner getting around \$5,000. Dave Soutar, who won last year's



ELIAS ARGUES IN FAVOR OF THE BOWLER

PBA championship in Cleveland, got \$6,000—a good sum, but still only about three times what Eddie Elias spends each month on telephone bills to make it possible.

Eddie practically lives on the phone. "I have perfect recall for phone numbers," he said, holding his hand over the mouthpiece during a recent tournament while the pins fell with a clatter on all sides. "I even remember area codes and long distance codes." He rattled off a string of numbers, then gave his credit card number. Near by, a reporter was phoning in bowling scores, and other bowling scores boomed in triumphantly over the amplifiers. It was a dizzying experience.

"I'm entirely different on the phone," Eddie said while waiting. "I talk slower. They tell me I'm warm. I went to Lebanon to set up a TV station in 1959. I was supposed to be there a month, but I only stayed two weeks. I couldn't stand it. No telephones. Once I nearly went crazy in an airport—all the booths were occupied. A howler came by to set down his bowling ball.

"If they would've took out the 5-7 I would've been in good shape," he muttered darkly.

"I think you handled the situation very well," Eddie said absent-mindedly into the phone.

An assistant came in to say that some members of the fast-dying National Bowling League (SL, Oct. 30) would soon be joining the tour. Eddie nodded at the

news. "Danny Thomas once told me," he said to the world in general, "never to give the customers too much. Always leave them wanting more. With the NBL there was just too much howling. With us it's three great nights in a city and whoosh! we're away till next year."

Eddie Elias does not smoke or drink, can drop off to sleep in minutes, does not need an alarm clock and has been too busy all his life to stop and figure out whether he is right-handed or left-handed. He plays tennis and golf right-handed and kicks a ball right-footed, but he throws left-handed and hits his best handball shot with his left hand. In baseball he was a switch-hitter. When he picked up his first howling ball he didn't know which hand to use. He shortly gave up howling, anyway. "My favorite sport is the cha-cha-cha," he says.

At high school, where Eddie was a starter on the basketball team, he developed rebounding ability and a firm place in the heart of his coach by skipping rope, to the amusement of spectators, all the way to school and back. "I always do things the hard way," he says.

The big thing

Whether professional howlers as a whole will ever rate in status with the Arnold Palmers and the Gary Players is still an open question. If they do, however, it will be largely because Eddie Elias taught them—the hard way. In the middle of a phone conversation last week Eddie paused to tell of some trouble on the tour in California. "They were complaining all over the place out there," he said, "about the alleys and the conditions—and I jetted out from Akron immediately. I split them into three groups and saw each group separately. I was dressed very neat. When I walked in you could have heard a pin drop. If you couldn't hear a pin drop I would have walked right out. They didn't talk to me, they listened. I laid the cards right on the table. I said, 'I know you've got complaints and probably I agree with every one of them. But think it over. Is this the time—in the middle of a tournament—to make a big stow? Think what you can lose.' And I let them think. 'Play now, complain later,' I told them. And, do you know, when I was finished they actually applauded. Then I turned and left—just what Danny Thomas said, right? But I love howlers. They're my boys."

Then, once again, Eddie Elias poured himself into the telephone.

END

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Kilroy was there quite early

Shunning the traditional route along the coast, the skipper of 'Kialoa' won the San Diego-Acapulco race in record time



In the minds of most West Coast ocean racers the 1,430-mile run from San Diego to Acapulco has a pattern, a traditional formula: you play the beaches, stay close in and work the sea breezes by day and the offshore zephyrs at night, or you haven't got a chance. But this year John (Jim) Kilroy, standing seaward aboard the 50-foot sloop *Kialoa* in calculated defiance of the formula, not only won the overall prize but set a new, corrected-time record in what was, for almost everybody else, a fairly slow race.

On two previous occasions Jim Kilroy had raced *Kialoa* down the California and Mexican coasts. In 1958 he finished 11th in fleet—as he remembers it, “sitting becalmed everywhere you could get becalmed.” Two years later *Kialoa* moved up to third in fleet, winning her class. After each race Jim Kilroy carefully analyzed performances of the fleets, noting who had benefited by going where. On post-race cruises back home to Newport Beach he studied wind and current patterns. On the evidence Kilroy decided a break with the traditional formula seemed logical.

In preparation for this year's race, *Kialoa* was first altered to a masthead rig, then converted from a yawl to a sloop by removing the mizzenmast. The sails were subsequently recut to make them drafter for the downwind slide. The net effect of the conversion and refinements was a lower handicap rating, with only a slight loss in efficiency.

By bearing seaward this year, *Kialoa's* crew not only was breaking with tradition but also, as any West Coast veteran will acknowledge, sacrificing some of the pleasure of the race. The traditional run, hugging the coast, is the only one of the world's classic ocean courses that is a truly scenic route. As the fleet progresses south and east, a magnificent coastline unfolds.

OVERALL WINNER. *Kialoa*, makes an easy upwind run over the last mile to Acapulco.

Near the Mexican border a jagged range lifts boldly, snow gleaming on the higher peaks. Later there are island channels to run, in an atmosphere so clear that cactus on the steep desert shores of Baja California may be seen through binoculars.

Along the route, as the terrain changes, so do the temperature and the look of the sea. The gray of the north gives way to tropic blue. The cold wind off the mountains loses its bite, becoming merely cool at midnight. Shorts and bare shoulders become the order of every watch. There is usually something worthy of note in the water alongside, especially when crossing the broad mouth of the Gulf of California: sunning sea turtles, the spouts and flukes of basking whales, leaping marlin, darting sea birds. On the Mexican mainland during the last leg there are miles of empty, tempting white beach, finally lifting to the steep cliffs marking the harbor of Acapulco and the finish line.


In a light northwest breeze and patchy fog at the start of this year's race, the eventual winner, *Kirola*, looked to be first across the line, with Tim Moseley's *Orient* virtually abreast. Quickly *Orient* went into the lead, to begin a duel with the 72-foot yawl *Escapade* that lasted right down to the finish. *Sirius II*, scratch boat in the fleet skippered by defending champion Howard Ahmanson, chose a leeward course, setting from her towering 84-foot mast a spinnaker that seemed as big as a circus tent.

A ripping run

For the first three days the fleet had plenty of wind. *Sirius* damaged three spinnakers in eight hours. "From then on we had to be cautious," said one crew member. "It was like playing basketball with four fouls against you. One more and you're out for good." For 48 hours *Sirius'* crewmen cranked an ancient sewing machine in an effort to repair the sails. Lack of the right spinnaker for the light winds that followed the heavy prevented the big Class M sloop from opening out on her competitors. Although by the end of the fourth day *Sirius* had covered 659 miles from San Diego, *Orient* was only a mile astern.

While most of the fleet hugged the coast to catch the thermal breezes that are born of the alternate heating and cooling of the land, on the 292-mile leg to the San Benito islands *Kirola* reached 56 miles to sea before jibing and closing the coast. "Except when it blew hard we never ran off dead before the

continued



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BOATING —continued—

wind during the whole race," Skipper Kilroy reported. "It was drive, drive, drive the boat all the time." (Twenty-nine spinaker jibes are recorded in the log.)

Beyond San Benito—where *Kiafoo* had her only all-hands call for an emergency maneuver on closing the island in pitch darkness to find the lighthouse not lighted—a rhumb-line course was laid for Cupe San Lazaro to take advantage of smooth water and the wind usually spilling out of Magdalena Bay. *Amahu* then followed the coast fairly closely to the tip of Baja California, jibing back and forth for the best point of sailing. Cape San Lucas, at the tip, is a notorious windless trap where the hopes of many early leaders have been buried. In previous races, on the initial legs, the fleet has often opened out like an accordion, with the smaller tenders more than a hundred miles astern, then in the trap off San Lucas has closed again, practically beginning a new race. Off San Lucas *Kiafoo* hugged the rocky shore, and with nearby *Legend*, the light-displacement sloop sailed by Charles Ullman, moved steadily into the open waters of the gulf. *Legend* followed the usual practice, sailing directly across on the shortest course, closing the Mexican mainland near Cupe Corrientes. Kilroy here again sacked tradition, bearing *Amahu* southward.

Part of Kilroy's strategy was to avoid a foul countercurrent that runs along the coast between Corrientes and Point Telma. "We learned about it the hard way. Two years ago Ash Brown in *Cowslad* gained 34 miles on us overnight by staying offshore." This time it was *Kiafoo* that profited, moving up to fourth position overall in a fleet of 21 boats, a Class B vessel ahead of six of the nine in Class A. At the end of the ninth day she was only 65 miles astern of *Sorax*, with an allowance of 44 hours over the scratch boat.

Yet even after *Sorax* crossed the line in Boca Chica passage 9 days 12 hours 52 minutes out of San Diego, there was still an element of doubt. Off the Mexican coast in winter the winds can be very light and fickle indeed. But shortly after *Orient* and *Evonup* came in, almost together, at midday, *Kiafoo* appeared over the horizon, her parachute spinnaker a bright bubble on the dark blue. A mile from the finish, aboard *Kiafoo* the cork came out of a bottle of champagne before the report of the committee's cannon had echoed from the cliffs of Aca-

pulco. *Kuloo* was a happy ship, as well as beautifully sailed.

Legend came up with a freshening afternoon breeze two hours later to drop *Ovlen* to second on corrected time in Class A, with the Canadian entry, *Spirit*, third. Behind *Kuloo* in Class B were *Princess* and *Mickey*. While the bigger boats had managed to keep moving most of the time, there were frustrating periods of calm for the smaller fry.

It was not until late morning of the 12th day that Tommy Wilder brought the 40-foot sloop *Malohi* across, first finisher in Class C. *Malohi* subsequently dropped to second in her class when *Desert Star* arrived well within her handicap. *Gamin* took third in Class C.

Despite the lack of snorting squalls and gales, the Acapulco race has its own way of testing crews. As an Acapulco race habitué, sailmaker Kenny Watts, puts it, "The course curves like the rim of a wheel, with the different headlands the spokes, bringing the fleet together all through the race. And because the wind follows the sun, there are lots of sail changes—more fun than sailing to Honolulu because major decisions must be made every few hours."

A skipper to watch

Thirty-nine-year-old Jim Kilroy is a relative newcomer to ocean racing. He had never sailed until 1954, when he bought a 44-foot sloop for puttering around the waters adjacent to Lido Beach. Two years later he acquired *Kuloo*, and his first long passage aboard her was in the 1957 Honolulu race. He has since sailed twice more to Honolulu, placing second in his class both years. In 1960 he brought a Pacific Coast crew to Rhode Island for the Bermuda race, doing very well in a chartered Block Island 40 until beset by gear failure in the rough blow near the finish. Kilroy is a careful planner and a sound skipper, who stresses the importance of a well-integrated crew. After such a convincing win on his third run to Acapulco, there is not much doubt that he will be a hard man to beat in the future.

"This guy did the impossible," said Howard Ahmanson in a post-race session in the cockpit of *Kuloo*. "On *Sirius* we gave up on him after the third day." Kilroy is more modest. "You make your program and your plans," he shrugged, "and if your luck holds, you go." Luck or not, this year Kilroy and *Kuloo* went fast enough to break the old corrected-time record by five hours.

END

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Tea and empathy with Slat's Gill

Oregon State's venerable coach salts his tea and drinks it by the bucketful. His ability to project the desire to win makes the Beavers title contenders

In the pleasant lumber and college town of Corvallis, Ore., last week the rain had a showery feeling to it. When the residents pointed west and said the local rule was that if you could see Mary's Peak it wouldn't rain that day they sounded as if they actually expected the mountain to be visible some month soon. Then there was the photothon. An Oregon State fraternity had been talking to a girls' dormitory for nearly 200 hours and was going for a national record in that new rite of spring. Finally there was Slat's Gill's basketball team.

As had happened several times before in his 34 years at Oregon State, venerable and philosophical Coach Gill once again had a team with a chance at the national championship. Its record was 17-3, it had recently won 16 in a row and if its personnel was somewhat unusual its accomplishments were straightforward and impressive. It was planning on whipping Idaho Friday and Saturday night and thinking about its NCAA tournament opener against Seattle.

Suddenly the rain turned to snow. The Pi Kappa Alpha boys hung up the telephone. And on Friday Idaho showed Corvallis how the Northwest's best could be beaten. The fact that Oregon State came back on Saturday to win easily only partly dispelled the chill.

Not that what happened really surprised Coach Gill. Few things in basketball can any more. Slat's was an All-America at Oregon State himself once. He has been an outstandingly successful coach since the days when he had to schedule 10 games in 12 days to break even on road trips. That was when his teams played on an auditorium stage in Los Angeles and in a warehouse in Astoria. Five times he won the old Pacific Coast Conference championship and he

once took State to the semifinals of the NCAA. He was already a local basketball legend when Oregon State built its 10,500-seat field house in 1949 and decided to name it Gill Coliseum. "You can't name a building for a living man," said the state's board of higher education. "What do they want us to do?" demanded a Portland newspaperman. "Shoot Slat's?" And to this day no paper has ever called the building anything but Gill Coliseum.

Slat's Gill is a stern, fair, fatherly man. He has sad eyes and thick, gray-streaked hair that lies nearly flat, like the nap of a well-worn rug. He teaches his teams

a tough defense and what he calls a "natural" offense. "There is no Gill offense," he explains. "I experiment until I find the offense that best suits the natural abilities of my boys. That's the one we use that year." He combines these strategic techniques with a demand for intense concentration. Only his captain is permitted to talk to an official. If talking is necessary, Slat's does it. He used to jump off the bench so much that he finished one season with a total of \$1,400 in fines. This is a standing West Coast record, literally.

In 1960 he suffered a severe heart attack after a game at Washington, and

SKINNY BOB JACOBSON PLAYS DESPITE DAMAGE TO FINGERS OF HIS RIGHT HAND



it drastically changed his life. Now, at 60, when an official's call annoys him he merely stands up, hands on hips, and looks quietly but meaningfully onto the court, saying nothing. He drinks tea by the gallon instead of coffee, chews pocketfuls of mints instead of smoking and after especially bitter losses he goes home and writes poetry.

But he still is totally dedicated. "By gum," he said last Thursday morning, sprinkling some salt in his fourth cup of tea, "there are still some thrills in this life for a 60-year-old man. To be firm with kids and make them like it. To show them why they must want to be the best. To convince them the most softening things in athletics are athis and moral victories. And then to watch them develop." Yes, he always salts his tea.

The Oregon State team faithfully mirrors Gill's precepts. It is a fast-break team because that is what its players do best. It shows excellent discipline and concentration. And it calls him Slats. "I like the name," says Gill. "If your first name was Amory and your middle name was Tingle, you would like to be called Slats, too."

The floor leader of the team is Oregon State's famous football quarterback, Terry Baker (SI, Oct. 16, 1961). Six feet three and fast, he likes to drive with a basketball as much as he likes to run with a football, and his passes have the same jolting quickness in both sports. He came to Oregon State on a basketball scholarship, and calls the game his first love. "Football came easier. I work harder at basketball," he says.

At center is Mel Counts, the biggest man ever from Coos Bay, Ore. He is a rare sophomore phenomenon, a solidly built, smooth-moving, seven-footer whose rebounding sets up State's fast break. In his first two games, played against Montana, he scored a total of 57 points, but Oregon State lost the second game. "Now I'll find out what kind of a boy he is," Slats Gill recalls thinking that night in Missoula. "Counts was sitting in a restaurant booth, and I sat down next to him. Was he pleased with his scoring? No. He was crushed at his mistakes. That's what I wanted."

Helping with the rebounding is the captain, Jay Carty, a 17-point scorer perhaps the best all-round player on the team and, like Baker, an honor student. But none of these has quite the distinction of quiet, razor-thin, 6-foot-6 Bob Jacobson. Jacobson was working in a plywood mill last summer when a rag

caught in the blade of a joiner, and he lost the three middle fingers on his right hand at the middle knuckle. When practice began he insisted on playing, taping foam rubber over each of the injured fingers. Right-handed, he ignored the pain and learned to shoot again. "The ball would hit his hand and I could feel it," says Slats. Jacobson earned a position as a starting guard. A week after Jacobson's summer accident Rex Benner, a sophomore guard, lost the vision in one eye when somebody threw sand in his face while he was at a beach. He, too, is on the squad.

It was this combination of talent and toughness that brought 17 wins and a sixth-place national ranking to Oregon State. But what opponents were finding out as the season progressed was that the State defense was not particularly strong, that it did not have a really good outside shot and that it might have trouble coping with a slowdown type of game. Two weeks ago both Seattle and Washington beat the Beavers—teams that Oregon State had defeated earlier.

"It's like going around a baseball league twice," said Slats Gill. "The first time you hit .400, but the next time the word is out that you can't hit an inside curve, so you hit .200."

Idaho throws the curve

Friday night at Gill Coliseum the Oregon State Dixieland band, dressed as hot rodders and beatniks, led the cheerleaders through a lively pregame Charleston, a frantic version of *Bill Bailey Wrote You Please Come Home*, and a phony gun fight. The Corvallis crowd yelled mightily at this and looked forward to a grand evening. Then out came Idaho to slip the Beavers that inside curve.

The visitors cut off Oregon State's fast break. They slowed the game to a walk when they wanted to. They put four men in the middle, packing it so tightly that a mouse couldn't have moved through, much less a seven-foot Mel Counts. This left Oregon State free to shoot from the outside, but the Beaver guards couldn't score. They totaled five points all night. With three seconds to play and trailing by a single point, Quarterback Terry Baker faded for a full-court desperation pass to Counts. It was batted down incomplete, and Idaho had a well-deserved upset win, 52-51. That was State's lowest point total of the year.

Saturday was clear, crisp and different. Amazingly, Mary's Peak was in view

under a cloudless sky. Slats Gill chewed a breakfast peppermint in a Corvallis restaurant, kept his emotions under the kind of control that would have pleased his doctor and observed: "The wonderful thing about basketball, by gum, is that an underdog can come up with a change of strategy and do that kind of thing to you." Then he was off to change a little strategy himself.

If it was going to take an outside shot to loosen Idaho's defense, decided Slats, he had one. True, the choice was an illogical one, being seven feet tall, but Mel Counts could arch a soft 20-footer as well as any guard. The game was two minutes old when Counts, wandering happily outside like a rambling graffe, hit from 20 feet. Two minutes later he scored from 15. Then from 20 again. That, in effect, ended the game. Idaho was forced to stop jamming the center in order to watch Counts. This permitted Oregon State's guards, led by Terry Baker, to pour through the middle for lay-ups, a style of play at which they excel. The final score was 65-50. "We needed that badly," said Slats Gill in the dressing room, joyously munching a last peppermint. There was a spring in his step as he considered the pleasant prospect that the NCAA had scheduled its first-round games in the West to be played at friendly Corvallis. **END**

TENSE GILL WATCHES GAME WITH IDAHO





Part II:
The Ways of Life at the
Country Club



Frolicking families, from kids to grandmas, jam into the country club today. Some golfers gripe at this domestic invasion, but without family business the club would have a hard time breaking even. For a searching look at a typical middle-class country club and how it got that way, turn the page

In its 80 years of existence the American country club has undergone many changes. Originally a preserve of the elite, it has now spread to the point where there are 3,300 country clubs of all kinds. In the main, the clubs fall into six categories: top-status, middle-class, minority, rural, proprietary and industrial. The top-status club, as we saw last week, has managed to retain much of its remoteness; hence, it is the middle-class club that most Americans know best. The Bellingham Golf and Country Club in Bellingham, Wash. is as typical as any in its development.

The Club, as it is always referred to locally, began in 1912 with a nine-hole course on leased land. The backers were the Very Best Families in town and the surrounding countryside—the Larrabees, the Demings, Woods, Bloedels, Welches, Campbells, Donovans and Goulds; in short, the fish-cannery rich, the lumber-mill rich, the big landowners whose roots reached back to before the turn of the century.

In the '20s the club bought the land and added a second nine holes. Members kept their Canadian whisky, always available through the town's top bootlegger, in their lockers for the entertainment of friends. During the Depression the club operated only occasionally as it struggled under a \$20,000 debt incurred in buying the property. Club life was even more bleak during World War II. Food and equipment shortages kept the clubhouse closed, and greenkeepers were either in the armed services or in defense work. On weekends members mowed the course to keep it playable.

The early postwar years brought a change in the membership, finances, and club status. The Very Best Families lost interest: they had discovered a new way to entertain when Charlie, last of the Larrabees, subdivided the family estate into choice building lots. The Very Best Families promptly moved there, exchanging the club for the elegant new home, hi-fi, the powerboat (or, better still, the private plane) and a summer place in the San Juan Islands. Although they retained their memberships in the club, they were seldom present. In their place stepped a whole new middle class, and even lower middle class, who joined to drink at the bar—the state legislature had legalized liquor—or pump quarters into a newly installed battery of slot machines.

By the early '50s the club ran into difficulty. The slot machines, which had compensated for the loss of the big spenders, were outlawed. The members reorganized, selling social memberships for as little as \$25 a year and raising the dues. They set out to attract the family crowd, and they did. In the last few years women have had increasing influence on club activities. For example, the men's stags have dwindled. (The club monthly, *Divots and Ice*, blamed "warmer weather, the longer days and the opening of the swimming pool" for the downfall of the stags, but the fact is the wives didn't like them.) The women have taken over with crazy-hat luncheons, fashion shows, card parties and golf contests in which the players are required to dress in the professional costumes of their husbands. (One winner was

Status Seeking, Crazy Hats and Discrimination

by Robert H. Boyle

Sue Abrahamson, wife of a deep-sea diver, who played 18 holes in the full gear, including helmet.) There are teen-age dances, tiny tot golf tournaments and a big come-one-come-all outdoor salmon barbecue.

The switch to the family doesn't appeal to everyone—some middle-aged golfers still gripe about the change in the 15th hole caused by the swimming pool—but since the club now breaks even it isn't likely to be changed. Although the club does not discriminate—Bellingham's small Jewish colony belongs—it still has its cliques: the members of the Very Best Families, rarely seen, treated like royalty, ignoring everyone but their own kind; the grumpy golfers; the pulp mill crowd, who come as close as anyone to dominating the club; the professional men and the strivers. A great point is made of trying to represent all groups on the governing boards.

Membership in the club is not as exclusive as it once was, though a great swath of the membership would like to think it is. The club is the center of the lives of many people, who are, all considered, comfortable in its atmosphere, pleased with the ice-cream bar for the kids and content that the menu has not one word of French. They move around as easily as they would in their own backyards.

The third type of American club is the minority club. Usually this means a Jewish country club, but in an older section of the country like New England it may also mean an Irish club or possibly a French-Canadian and Italian club. Springfield, Mass., offers a good cross-section of such ethnic stratification. At the top is the Longmeadow Country Club, whose approximately 400 members are upper-class Prot-

estants, except for a very few Catholics. The Springfield Country Club has about 300 members, more than half of whom are Catholic, mostly Irish. (There are also a few French Canadians and Poles.) It has an Elks Club atmosphere where any member who wants action can find card-playing as well as golfing companions. The Crestview Country Club, the newest and most lavish, has 300 members, all of them Jewish. The Ludlow Country Club is predominantly French Canadian, Italian and Polish, and it is, says an observer, "about as exclusive as a neighborhood bar, drawing heavily from the non-prestige classes who want to get away from crowded municipal links."

In larger cities one sometimes finds two or more Jewish clubs, the top one composed principally of German Jews who tend to find eastern European Jews unacceptable. To many Jews, German or Russian, the restricted country club represents perhaps the forest symbol of social discrimination. A Jewish community leader in Elmira, N.Y. told Sociologist John P. Dean of Cornell: "They'll call on me to lead their Community Chest campaign or help on the Red Cross. But when it comes to the country club, I'm not good enough for them."

In January, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith issued the first report ever made on nationwide religious discrimination by social clubs. Of 803 country clubs surveyed, 224 were nondiscriminatory. Of the remaining 579, 505 were "Christian country clubs," 416 of which barred Jews completely. The other 89 had a quota. Seventy-four of the 579 discriminating clubs were Jewish. Seventy-one of these barred Christians completely, and the remaining three accepted them "in small numbers."

The ADL report contended that while discriminatory country clubs "have traditionally taken, and won acceptance for, the position that the . . . club is an extension of one's own parlor . . . [and] a man has a right to choose whom he will invite into his home," the practice of discrimination was unfair because if "the seat of power in any community discriminates against Jews, it may sound a note that will be taken up by others in the community. . . . Lower echelon civic groups, ears closely attuned to the note from on high, will find sanction for similar exclusions. The university, upon whose board of trustees sit members of the discriminatory club, will not protest a quota system, the fraternities will mimic their elders in exclusionary practices. Thus may a new generation, while still in its formative years, be schooled in the ways and benefits of social discriminations."

"Clearly," the report continued, "the problems raised by such exclusionary practices are not only social, but more frequently economic, political and sociological. The ultimate victim is not the man reaching toward the seat of power or toward the prestige of upper level social acceptance. Rather it is the youth who finds he is barred from job or school (and when he is older, from a home) simply and solely because he is Jewish."

The ADL report concluded that although "the extent of

discrimination against Jews by clubs is far greater than the levels of discrimination against Jews in other areas such as education, employment, housing and public accommodations," the fact that a significant number of clubs "were 'Jewish clubs' that discriminate against Christians is eloquent testimony to the further institutionalization of religious prejudice. When, as and if Jewish community relations agencies conclude that the problem of the 'Christian club' merits their attention, they will inevitably have to cope with the other side of the coin—the 'Jewish club.'"

Discrimination aside, Jewish country clubs generally differ from their Christian counterparts in a couple of ways. For one, the Jewish clubs put great stress on charity: a prospective member is expected to be philanthropic (one club in the New York area requires that an applicant must have given at least \$10,000 to United Jewish Appeal). For another, members of Jewish clubs habitually eat more and drink less than do Christian club members. It is possible to pick out the Jewish clubs from the clubs surveyed statistically in Horwath & Horwath's annual anonymous study simply by checking the food and beverage expenditures of the average member. In one Jewish club, for instance, the average member spent \$455 on food and only \$134 on drink. At a comparable Christian club the average member spent \$275 for food and \$240 for drink.

Significantly, of all the clubs surveyed by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the one most esteemed for its food was the Hillcrest Country Club in Los Angeles, a predominantly Jewish club drawing heavily on show business. (The Los Angeles Country Club does not accept Jews and avoids anyone remotely connected with the entertainment world. The sole actor member is Robert Stack, the Eliot Ness of *The Untouchables*, but Stack, who comes from a proper Los Angeles family, was admitted before he entered the movies.) "Hillcrest," Milton Berle, a member, once remarked, "is a dining club with golf." "Our food," says Sherrill Corwin, a theater executive who is the club's president, "is talked about the world over." A typical Saturday luncheon menu at the club includes chicken broth with matzo balls (75¢), grenadine of prime beef tenderloin on rye toast garnish (\$3) and smoked northern whitefish with thin-sliced onions and tomato (\$2.60). "You should be here Sunday night," say members. The place to be seen is "the table" in the bar where Jack Benny, George Burns and Groucho Marx gather to banter.

Two Negro clubs, the only ones of their kind in the country, are located in North Carolina—the Meadowbrook Country Club outside Raleigh and Forest Lake Country Club in Greensboro. Forest Lake, which is slightly ahead in development, got going three years ago when a group of businessmen led by J. Kenneth Lee, an attorney, bought the 124-acre Burlington Industries Country Club for \$90,000. Eighteen of the acres are developed. There are a clubhouse, tennis courts, stables and bridle paths. Three lakes are available for swimming, fishing and boating. There are now

(continued)

60 family memberships costing \$200 each a year, and the club runs a full schedule of events, down to parties for children. Most of the members are professional people; many are faculty members at colleges in the area. Fortunately, the club has been able to get by financially by renting out the clubhouse to local business and civic groups. There had been considerable talk of building a golf course, but now the city of Greensboro is planning to start a municipal course near by, and the members are hopeful of playing there. To attract potential members, the club is circulating an illustrated brochure which bears the slogan, "Social Position is Important."

In a class by themselves are the small rural country clubs that have sprung up in the Farm Belt in recent years. Farmers who used to scoff at the city-slicker game of "cow pasture pool" now play a fast nine waiting for the milk to cool. The clubs came about as the result of mechanization, which has freed the farmer from many of his chores, and a liking for Ike. Ike liked golf, and that was good enough for the farmer, no matter what Benson did.

The Logan-Missouri Valley Country Club near Logan, Iowa (population 2,500), has been in operation since 1948. Yearly dues are \$48. The entry fee is \$100, and a payment plan permits members to spread this over a 10-year period. "I'm doing it that way," says Don Shrum, a telegrapher for the Chicago Northwestern Railroad, "and I pay the membership fee quarterly. That way it doesn't hot you all at once." The Missouri Valley Chamber of Commerce has asked storekeepers to close at 5 instead of 6 on week-nights "so folks can get in a round before dark." On occasion, challenge matches are held with teams from nearby Blair, Neb. The winners eat steak and the losers wienies. Afterwards, everyone pitches in to clean up.

At Alma, Neb. (population only 1,765), residents took over an abandoned depot just outside town so they could get that "outside-the-city country club atmosphere." To make sure that everyone meets everyone else at the Saturday night "mixers," dancers are required to change partners. "Country club life is part of living in rural Nebraska," says Cal Stewart, who was editor of a small-town weekly newspaper. "It's really down to earth. The guy who pumps gas in the banker's car plays golf with him on Sunday. If you want to have fun in a small town, you have to belong to the country club, and your station in life is no barrier."

The latest development in country clubs is the proprietary club owned by a businessman or syndicate out to make a dollar. There are now over 200 of these clubs across the country, and most of them are able to make money by catering to the masses at mass prices, in some instances anyway, and by such practices as central purchasing and soliciting outside parties. However, anyone interested in joining a proprietary club should be wary: in recent months a number of them have collapsed because of bad financing, leaving members holding the bag. As a general rule, anyone interested in a proprietary club should join only after the

club has been built, never on the glowing promises of the prospectus. Prospective members should check carefully into any club offering life memberships at a flat bargain price. Flat fees attract suckers, not the income needed to keep the club going.

Although there are some semi-exclusive proprietary clubs, particularly in the retirement country of the South, generally anyone who has the money to hand over gets in. As far as is known, no Negroes have applied for proprietary club memberships, but one manager says, "I expect this will happen shortly." He adds, "The major golf associations have slowed down the admission of new clubs because they're afraid the clubs might admit Negroes. The golf associations are notoriously conservative, but you must have them because they issue all the official handicaps."

The promise of profit in a proprietary club is so strong that a number of golfers have become involved in them. Mike Soucek is building several in partnership with some businessmen in North Carolina, where he lives; and Dow Finsterwald's partnership in the Tequesta, Fla. club is one of the early successes along this line.

The leader in the field, if leader is the word, is George S. May, the flamboyant owner of Tam O'Shanter Country Club in Chicago. May got his start in life as a sharp Bible salesman—he used to follow Billy Sunday around the sawdust circuit—and both he and his club are living rebukes to the old-fashioned notion that a country club is a genteel place to relax. From its uniformed guards at its two gates to the eight bars—one of which is between the 9th hole and the 10th tee—Tam is designed to make money. The gaudy red-and-white clubhouse is a habitable jukebox. Tam has 300 regular golfers who pay a yearly membership fee of \$750, 125 limited golfers who pay \$450 and 441 social members who lay out \$175 a year. For every \$364 the golfer spends annually on food and drink, he receives a rebate of \$50. For every \$364 the social member spends, he receives a rebate of \$25. (May arrived at \$364 by figuring a member should spend at least a dollar a day. Christmas is on the house.)

Housing developers have been quick to see the money to be made in proprietary clubs. One such is Leon A. Katz, president of Golf Associates in New York. Originally a developer pure and simple, Katz is now also a country club man. Golf Associates has three clubs in operation, is building three more and has three others in negotiation. What Katz does is scout around for clubs that went broke during the Depression, buy them and restore the courses. Restoration is much cheaper than building anew. Once while he was commuting by helicopter from his home in Flushing to a club he was building in Westchester, he spotted what looked like the outline of an abandoned course in Armonk. Katz verified his aerial observation and bought the property from its startled owners.

Katz's clubs, which cost approximately \$11 million each, average 300 families. The entry fee ranges from \$400 to \$500, and annual dues are \$500. "We appeal to the public course golfer who can no longer get on a course and has a little



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Country Clubs *continued*

money," Katz says. "They're hungry for golf." He keeps down maintenance costs by renting groundkeeping machinery and doing away with what he calls "frills." "The dining room is designed for average usage, not the crowd on the *Queen Mary*," he says. "And we do not run a credit operation. We get a substantial return on our investment." One of the clubs will be surrounded by 300 houses. "It goes fast that way," he says. "In 10 years, everyone will look upon a club as a necessity."

Finally, there are the industrial country clubs, about 100 all told, and most designed for the working stiff. The Endicott Johnson Company has the En-Joie Country Club at Endicott, N.Y., the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co. has the Westvaco Country Club in Covington, Va., and the Texas Company has the Texaco Country Club in Houston. One of the splashiest is the Du Pont Country Club in Wilmington, Del., with 9,300 members, three 18-hole courses, one nine-hole course, 16 tennis courts and one lawn bowling court.

Curiously, the oldest company golf club was started by Oneida Limited, manufacturers of silver plate, in Oneida, N.Y. The company is a descendant of a communistic (in the old utopian sense) society based on Christian principles. Founded in the 1840s by J. H. Noyes, the community disbanded in 1880 when outsiders objected to its radical views on marriage. A joint stock company was created to run the business enterprises established by the community. The company put into business practice Noyes's idealistic doctrines. As a result, the company began the golf club for employees 64 years ago and pioneered such other innovations as the coffee break and paid vacations.

Everything considered, the country club, be it industrial, rural or top-status, is probably the most accurate mirror of social trends in American life today. It offers the family a place to play and the businessman a place to be seen. If the country club has its flaws—and surely discrimination is one of them—it is not necessarily because the club system is unfair but because the society in which it flourishes has flaws of its own.

END





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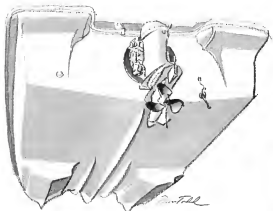
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A Lot of Good Things in One Slick Package



Outboard builders have broken tradition to produce their own boats specially styled to go with a promising new type of propulsion unit

by PEGGY DOWNEY

The thousands who jam Chicago's McCormick Place for the annual March Boat Show (March 2-11) come for a first look at the exciting new products that will set the trends in the boating season ahead. This year the most important thing they will see is the sleek plastic runabout above.

Fresh from the drawing boards of the Outboard Marine Corporation, the world's largest outboard manufacturers, the 17-footer is not yet in full production; but the prototype shown here may well make the biggest splash in boating since the outboard itself—for two very good reasons. One is that the OMC boat does not use a conventional outboard but rather an inboard-outboard—or

outdrive—engine, the newest and most promising of marine power units. The other reason is that both the exterior power unit and the boat are made as a package by OMC. The McCulloch Corporation, makers of Scott outboards, started this trend to the boat-and-engine package last year when they produced a 17-foot runabout to go with their 75-hp outboard. This rig, the first ever produced by an outboard motor manufacturer, proved so successful that Scott has stepped up its 1962 boat production to nine different models. With this plunge into boatbuilding by Scott—and now Outboard Marine—the day has finally arrived when the outboard customer no longer has to buy a separate

continued

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engine, then search for a boat he hopes will match. Or buy a boat first, then try to fit an engine to it and end up by spending even more time and money for accessories.

As Howard Larson, OMC vice-president, said, "We were at the point where the automobile industry was in 1920—buying a body from Briggs, an engine from Lycoming, a frame from A.O. Smith, and putting it all together. Now we're preparing to turn out matched units—a boat built for a particular engine."

This boat-and-engine package is a revolution in an industry that has for years believed boat builders and engine manufacturers should be allies. "Boat builders are our best friends," Carl Kickhafer, maker of Mercury outboards, once said. But now along comes Larson, who believes "Our best customer is going to be ourselves."

Instead of overstyling with tail fins and other topside foppery, OMC has concentrated on hull design. The result is a boat with two big bow sponsons, a modified version of the Gold Cup hydroplanes that run on three points: two sponsons up forward and the propeller in the stern. While this hull is potentially a fast one, OMC believes it is also safe and solid enough for all-around family boating.

With the family in mind, they designed the foam and plastic seats to be removable—for carting off to a beach or just to make extra space available for fishing. Four roomy lockers and bow

and stern storage provide storage space. The two-cycle 80-hp engine that powers the outdrive unit is covered by a plastic cowling that also hides two 18-gallon fuel tanks. The complete package, including accessories right down to mooring lines, will sell for \$3,495. The bare boat will cost about \$2,850.

The announcement of an OMC outdrive unit is no less surprising than the OMC boat. For when this new type of



MERCRUISER IS MADE FOR BIG ENGINES

compact power first made a dent in the U.S. market last year, the outboard manufacturers reacted with alarm and, in some cases, hostility. Small wonder: the outdrive combines the power and safety of an inboard with the flexibility and vicarious control of an outboard.

The design of the outdrive was first worked out by the Swedish firm of Volvo-Penta. Basically it is no more than a modified lower unit of an outboard connected directly through the transom to an inboard engine (h/t). Two years ago an engineer and racing driver named Jim Wynne, who did the design research for Volvo, put two of these units on a 24-foot cruiser and took a startling second in the rugged 185-mile Miami-Nassau powerboat race (SA, April 25, 1960). Outdrives have been selling ever since.

One reason is that the engine takes up less space than regular inboards. The Volvo outdrive unit, for example, and engine are balanced at the transom. The engine, therefore, does not have to be mounted on space-consuming stringers. But, more important, the drive shaft and propeller can be turned in any direction, providing a much stronger, more



VOLVO OUTDRIVE WAS FIRST ON MARKET

positive method of steering than the rudder control used on conventional inboards. Furthermore, the shaft of the outdrive is hinged to tilt upward so that the boat can safely cruise the shallowest water, slide over submerged obstacles and be conveniently launched or retrieved by trailer.

First to put an outdrive on the market, Volvo reports sales were up 70% in 1961 over the previous year. And this year's model, which will be selling against only a handful of small competitors until the giant companies like OMC really get going, may enjoy a comparable increase in sales. The price of the Volvo unit, together with the 80-hp Volvo engine, is \$14,550. With 100 hp, it is \$16,550.

Another big outboard company that has just started competing with Volvo is the Kiekhaefer Corporation, maker of Mercury motors. Kiekhaefer recently came out with an outdrive of its own called the MerCruiser (left). It is available to engine manufacturers and the public in four power packages—outdrive with 110, 140, 225 or 310 hp engines.

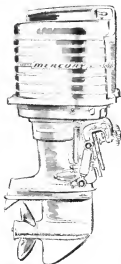


HOMELITE MAY BE SUCCESSFUL 4-CYCLE

But for now Kiekhaefer is concentrating on its outboard sales and has, in fact, continued the horsepower race in that field. While others like Johnson, Evinrude and Scott have held at the 75-to-80-hp level, Kiekhaefer has just unwrapped its Mercury 100 hp (left), the big daddy of the industry. It is, in fact, the most powerful recreational outboard ever made. Cost—\$1,195.

Another new engine—this one not at the Boat Show but nevertheless worth noting—is the Homelite, the first four-cycle outboard to come along in years. A development of the Fageol automobile engine, the Homelite has 55 hp and weighs 227 pounds. The manufacturers claim this is only 25% more than comparable outboards (the Mercury 50 hp weighs 150 pounds, for example). But they also claim the extra weight necessary to accommodate the complex oil pump and cylinder mechanism (above) is more than compensated by the engine's advantages. For like all good four-cycle engines, the Homelite burns less oil and does not require pre-mixing of oil and gas as do the two-cycle engines. Other advantages are smoother idling at low speeds, little or no exhaust fumes. The Homelite, nicely styled in a white, blue and red case, costs \$960 and will be sold only in Florida this winter.

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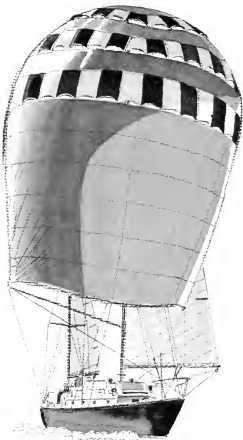
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Boating *continued*

Big Lift for the Men Who Set the Lightsails

To sailors one of the most beautiful
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ticularly from a foredeck, is a collapsed

and fluttering chute. Aboard every rac-
ing yacht there is a continuing struggle
to keep the spinnaker flying high, where
it gets the best wind and gives the boat
an extra lift. At various times in the



struggle the yachtsmen have turned to the sailmakers for help. And the sailmakers have responded with various devices like cross seams or dark colors at the top to absorb the sun's heat and provide a thermal lift.

Now, along comes George Colin Ratsey's new, lifting spinnaker designed full of holes. This rather startling sail, a Ratsey and Lapthorn spinnaker shown here on young Colin Ratsey's yawl *Golfingree*, is called the Venturi.

Although the idea for a sail with holes purposely put there is not strictly a new one (Ratsey's uncle Tom put one on an English sloop named *Dolly Varden* in 1924), Ratsey's successful experiments with the Venturi mark the most radical development in the art of sailmaking since Dacron was introduced right after World War II. More important to the practical racing man, the Venturi, like a number of other apparently wild ideas, may just turn out to be a winner.

Ratsey says he got the idea for his sail from a magazine article that described a crazy kind of backwards French parachute, also made with vents. The parachutist wearing the French oddity stands on solid ground and snaps the chute open. As wind pours through the vents and down the outside of the chute, the currents of air become so strong that the chute rises up, drawing the man right off the ground.

Says Ratsey, "I thought if this made a parachute go up, then why shouldn't a sail do the same thing." In an effort to learn more about this lifting principle, he tied a trailer to his car, a sail to the trailer and drove furiously around a deserted Westchester beach parking lot.

After about a month of marking and charting where the wind hit the sails—he tied bits of string all over experimental sails to locate the air patterns—Ratsey produced the Venturi.

Ratsey's theory

As shown in the drawing, the sail has three rows of vents across its top. Each vent is a two-foot slot in the cloth; there are 12 in the top row, and 14 in both the other two rows. The air, when it strikes the back of the sail, flows through the vents and is deflected downward along the front (see lower diagram). Then, according to Ratsey's theory, the laws of physics take over. The law involved here is the one which says that for every action there is an equal, opposite reaction. The air moving down the front of the sail results in an ascend-



OLD CHUTES SOMETIMES LACK LIFT



NEW CHUTE TENDS TO RISE UPWARD

ing countercurrent above the vents, and the sail rises higher—or so says Ratsey.

Other sailmakers are not yet convinced of this. Ted Hood of Marblehead, for one, says that while a spinnaker with holes should in theory lift well going dead before the wind, there is nothing to say it should work going across the wind on a reach. Hood and some others claim that even if all those holes do provide a consistent lift, they also let an awful lot of air go rushing out when that air would help the boat much more just by pushing forward. And a representative of the Hurd sail company believes that in every condition but a run downwind the air will flow uselessly across the sail rather than lifting and pushing.

The pleasant thing about this particular debate is that it will be settled soon, by racing competition. Ratsey says his loft at Cuy Island in New York has already sent some Venturis down to Florida boat owners, and one of them may be used this winter on the southern ocean racing circuit. Certainly before the summer is over Ratsey will know whether he has made a strong case for putting holes in his sails, or, as one critic has been unkind enough to suggest, if he himself has suffered a mild case of holes in the head.

END

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The union of a Lauterbach hydro and a 530-hp Maserati may produce new records

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



CUNNINGHAM DECIDED TO STAY ON LAND

Fast Boat Full of Engine

A busy Italian engine was squeezed into an American racing boat last month, and the merger made partners out of Binggus Cunningham, who supplied the engine, and Sam Griffith, who put it in the boat. It was and is a notable partnership and to practicing boat racers a portentous one. Cunningham is the onetime prince of lost causes who changed his luck by sailing *Columbia* to a stunning victory in the 1958 America's Cup (earlier he had spent millions building beautiful autos that didn't win at Le Mans). Griffith has fractured a few hundred bones of his own, racing powerboats to record speeds and into pieces around Miami and New York.

The engine is a 5.6-liter specially built 530-horsepower Maserati, all magnesium and aluminum. The hull is a sleeky 19-foot Lauterbach three-point hydroplane. The combined potential is probably the fastest of all limited-class racing boats (weighing as a 900-kilogram). Cunningham and Griffith considered this, along with their assets, liabilities and gray hair, and decided that while they'd love to get it moving, they'd just as soon not be in it when it did.

Griffith, who once pitched himself from a stricken World War II bomber and landed in the only river within 200 miles (his parachute didn't open), knows his limitations. The fastest boat he ever

raced was a hopped-up 266-cubic-inch hydroplane, in which he ruptured his spleen in 1952. He now sells yachts and races by whim. Recently he took the Maserati on a 120-mile-an-hour spin across a Miami rock pit. "I'm 51 years old," he said afterward, "too old for this baby. It scares me green."

Cunningham is 54 and still flits around the international countryside because, he said, he just likes to race. "I don't go as fast anymore, that's all." He had seen a Maserati win on land at Sebring and had followed its trials on water in Europe. Upon acquiring a Maserati distributorship six months ago, he called Griffith and farmed out two engines, and wanted to get the result. "Auto racing is one thing," he said, "boat racing quite another. Boat racing is dangerous. Boat racing is for the birds."

The "bird" who will drive the Maserati is Don (Red) Wilson of Palm Beach. He just happened to own the Lauterbach in which the Maserati nested, and he races powerboats as if he thought them indestructible. He has proved otherwise often enough, but, at 29, Wilson is not as philosophical as the other two. He has been fished out of the Potomac unconscious, smashed into at 100 mph in Miami and severely burned when trapped in a Gold Cup boat in Seattle, but he has also been the top qualifier in



WILSON WILL BE THE BIRD IN THE BOAT

the past three cup races and won every Gold Cup heat he ever finished (without finishing quite as many as it takes for the grand prize). He describes 190 miles an hour as "sort of leaving your feelings." He is freckled and unpretentious and prospers as a Palm Beach car dealer.

When Griffith got out and Wilson in, the *Maverick* did 140. A boatbuilder described the sight as "frightening—a narrow, streamlined thing full of engine. It needn't have had a bottom. It ran three feet off the water." Wilson said it was stable and handled well. He predicted he would soon have it up to 165.

This would surely beat anything under the Gold Cup (unlimited) class. The Union of International Motorboating recently advanced the 800-kilogram class to 900 kilos, and in the projected campaign this winter Wilson will go against these and a veteran fleet of American 7-liter drivers. The 900-kilo record is 150 mph, the 7-liter is 151.

In its first closed-course race, the *Maverick* did 88 mph in trials for the Orange Bowl Grand Prix, a U.S. record for a mile-and-a-half course. Bad weather canceled the rest of the regatta. The engines, however, have remained in Wilson's care. He feels the *Laurerbach* hull is superior to the higher-angled Italian rigs, which are geared for acceleration and have been known to do cartwheels at 150 mph. He wants now to prove it. "It's his boat, and his life," said Cunningham. "I told him to go ahead." **END**

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A Case for Sherlock

The Jeffries-Johnson title prize fight nearly had Arthur Conan Doyle as its referee

by MITCHELL RAWSON

The finest salute the prize ring ever extended to literature took place in 1909, when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was offered the job of refereeing the Jeffries-Johnson fight for the world's heavy-weight championship.

It seems to have been a perfectly serious offer. Jim Jeffries, the old, undefeated champion, had come out of retirement to meet the new titleholder, Jack Johnson, in the cause of white supremacy and for the biggest purse that had ever been put up for a ring battle. The bids from fiercely competing promoters had been opened in Hoboken, N.J. on December 1, and after several days of wrangling and wary negotiation, Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason had won the privilege with a proposal of \$101,000 plus two-thirds of the movie rights (the movie rights came to nothing because Congress later outlawed interstate shipment of the films).

Over in England the author not only

of the Sherlock Holmes stories but of those classic yarns of the prize ring, *Rodney Stone*, *The Crowsley Master* and *The Lord of Falconbridge*, received a cable, then a letter signed by Irving Jefferson Lewis, managing editor of the *New York Morning Telegraph*, dated December 9.

"My dear Sir,—
"I hope you will pardon the liberty I took as a stranger in cabling to you asking if you would act at the championship battle between Jeffries and Johnson. The fact is that when the articles were signed recently your name was suggested for referee, and Tex Rickard, promoter of the fight, was greatly interested, as were many others. I believe it will interest you that the opinion was unanimous that you would do admirably in the position. In a voting contest several persons sent in your name as their choice. Believe me among sporting men of the best class in America you have many strong admirers; your splendid stories of the ring, and your avowed admiration for the great sport of boxing have made you thousands of friends.

"It was because of this extremely friendly feeling for you in America that I took the liberty of cabling to you. I thank you for your reply.

"It would indeed rejoice the hearts of the men in this country if you were at the ring side when the great negro fighter meets the white man Jeffries for the world's championship.

"I am, my dear Sir," etc.
In the bosom of his family the big, burly Anglo-Irishman was delighted with the message that had come to him from overseas. "By George," he exclaimed, "this is the most sporting proposition I ever heard!"

"Then you'll go?" asked Lady Doyle, who—knowing her husband—anticipated the answer.

"Go? Of course I'll go! This is a real honour!"

Some of his family and friends were less enthusiastic, however. Among them was his brother-in-law E. W. Hornung, who had contrived one of the most remarkable switches in modern literature



SIR ARTHUR WAS DELIGHTED BY TRIBUTE



to head for the fresh, breezy, wide-open brilliance of the Gulf south of Louisiana... in recent years it's become a spectacular new "find" for deep-sea anglers in quest of blue and white marlin, tuna, barracuda and scores of other thrilling gamefish. Just recently, sportsmen succeeded in pinpointing the mythical coral "flower gardens" ranging out of 100-fathom depths a 12-hour cruise from shore, and they've come back with catches that prove some strange old stories were true—and then some! Tarpon, jack, croaker, red snapper... these are old friends, but now (for reasons best known to themselves) new species of fish are running in Louisiana waters. Try them yourself this year, as soon as possible, and you'll really

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A Case for Sherlock *(continued)*

by dreaming up Raffles, the gentleman burglar, some years after brother-in-law Arthur thought of Sherlock Holmes. Hornung lacked Conan Doyle's comprehensive love of sport. Of golf, for instance, he once remarked: "It's unsportsmanlike to hit a sitting bull."

In his memoirs Sir Arthur wrote: "I was much inclined to accept . . . though my friends pictured me as winding up with a revolver at one ear and a razor at the other. However, the distance and my engagements presented a final bar."

One of the engagements referred to was the campaign that Sir Arthur, a champion of good causes, was then carrying on against old King Leopold of Belgium as a result of the exposure of cruelties practiced on natives in the Congo. Sir Arthur always had a crusade of some sort on his hands, and his conscience was unrelenting.

So in the end he expressed his polite regrets, undoubtedly to the disappointment of Mr. Lewis and the *Morning Telegraph* and perhaps of Tex Rickard, Jeffries and Johnson. The promoter and the principals in the fight were not what you could fairly call reading men, but they knew who Conan Doyle was, and they felt for him the respect and confidence that he had won and deserved.

He would probably have made a good referee. He was big enough and strong enough to handle the fighters, and he knew the rules of the game. For many years he kept up his boxing, and said of himself: "I suppose I might describe my form as that of a fair average amateur." He was a frequent patron of the National Sporting Club in London when that exclusive body was the headquarters of British boxing. The club was stiffly aristocratic in tone, with white and black ties in all the seats except for a section kept apart for professional bruners. But when Sir Arthur came he would say: "Put me at the back, among the boxers."

That was how Sir Arthur was able to write *Rodney Stone* in a manner so convincing that it brought him one of his most cherished tributes. A friend who was at the deathbed of an Australian pugilist was reading him the chapter describing the fight between the young hero and the ruffian Joe Berks. A second gives counsel to Boy Jim: "Get your left on his mark, boy! Then go to his head with the right!"

The dying fighter raised himself and said: "By God, that's got him!" **END**



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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The annual scurrying for postseason tournament invitations was almost over. The NCAA, with a lock on the major conference champions, already had signed up Arizona State (Border), Bowling Green (Mid-American), Western Kentucky (Ohio Valley) and independents NYU (15-3), Oregon State (18-4), Creighton (17-4), Butler (20-5), Air Force (15-5), Villanova (17-6), Memphis State (15-6), Seattle (16-8) and Detroit (15-8). Ohio State (Big Ten), UCLA (Big Five) and Yale (Ivy) were almost certain to make it, but the situation was still unsettled in the Atlantic Coast and Southern (where championship tournaments begin Thursday), the Southeastern, Missouri Valley, Big Eight, Yankee, Mid-Atlantic, Southwestern, Skyline and West Coast.

Meanwhile, New York's National Invitation Tournament was busy lining up an impressive field of independents: Loyola of Chicago (18-2), St. John's (16-4), Houston (21-5), Duquesne (18-5), Providence (18-5), Dayton (17-6), Navy (13-7) and Missouri Valley's Wichita (17-7) were already in, and three spots were reserved for runners-up in the Missouri Valley (Bradley or Cincinnati), Skyline (Colorado State U. or Utah State) and Mid-Atlantic (St. Joseph's or Temple). Other NIT possibilities: Holy Cross (17-4), Niagara (13-8), Boston College (14-5).

THE SOUTH

Most years the formula is simple in the SLC. The team that beats Kentucky usually wins the championship and a place in the NCAA tournament—except when that team is Mississippi State when the Bulldogs win, they have to beg off because state policy does not permit them to compete in integrated competition. Last week, after victories over Georgia 83-74 and LSU 58-48 and with only Tulane and Mississippi ahead, Mississippi State appeared likely to finish first for the third time in the last four years and, if this happens, will elect to stay at home again. However, old Adolph Rupp was ready and eager to take his Kentucky team into the NCAA tournament. The Wildcats, who were heading for a showdown Monday with third-place Auburn, stumbled a little but still beat Vanderbilt 87-80 and Alabama 73-65 as Cotton Nash scored 68 points. Meanwhile, Auburn, relying on a fast break almost as much as its accustomed shuffle, got by Tulane 81-64 and Tennessee 60-51.

Wake Forest, which flip-flopped around in the ACC until big Len Chappell hit his stride, polished off North Carolina State 69-62 and South Carolina 97-85 to finish a full game ahead of Duke in the regular-season standings. N.C. State gave the Deacons some uncomfortable moments, but only until Chappell tore up the Wolfpack's three-man inside zone in the second half. Chappell was even more devastating against South Carolina as he powered his way through the Gamecocks for 45 points. But now Chappell and Wake will have to do it all over again in the championship tournament at Raleigh.

Southern Conference leader West Virginia also was faced with the prospect of battling through a risky tournament at Richmond. With backcourt stars Rod Thorn and Jim McCormick healthy again, the free-running Mountaineers raced past independent Penn State 79-60 and Kansas 101-86, but they can expect sterner competition from streaking Virginia Tech, which trounced George Washington 91-75 for its eighth straight. It was all over in the Ohio Valley, where Western Kentucky trounced Morehead 77-51 to clinch the title. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI STATE (22-1)
2. KENTUCKY (19-2)
3. DUKE (18-4)

THE MIDWEST

For weeks Cincinnati's Ed Jucker had been brooding over his team's only two losses, to Bradley and Wichita. Last week, he got even with both at Cincinnati. Without 6-foot-8 Joe Strawder to man the middle, Bradley had to give the job to Chet Walker, and he spent most of the night trying to elude the Bearcats' collapsing defense. Cincy sophomores Ron Bonham and George Wilson fired away for 36 points from inside, Tony Yates shot over the scattered Braves for 14 more from outside and the Bearcats won easily, 72-57. Five nights later, Cincinnati trounced Wichita 84-63 to clinch a tie for the Missouri Valley title. New Cincy can win it all if St. Louis beats Bradley Saturday. Ohio State's Fred Taylor was more annoyed than worried when OSU recently showed signs of wear and tear. Last Saturday, however, the Buckeyes were their old impeccable selves. John Havlicek was bombing again (for 19 points), and State ran over Illinois 102-79. "We haven't burned any baskets the last couple of games," confessed Taylor,



BODY BLOCK by Yale's Lynck, unmarked by officials, fails to deter Cornell's Szachn, who made lay-up in final seconds at Ithaca.

"but I think we got the game back in the offense now." This 24th straight Big Ten win shook everybody but obstinate Wisconsin off OSU's heels. The second-place Badgers stayed alive by edging Illinois 103-101 and Northwestern 65-64.

Colorado and Kansas State displayed their assets as they headed for their definitive Big Eight game at Manhattan Saturday. Colorado's big from line carried the Buffs past Iowa State 74-69, K-State overwhelmed Oklahoma with its bench strength and won 89-57. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (21-6)
2. CINCINNATI (22-2)
3. KANSAS STATE (19-3)

THE EAST

While tournament selectors sharpened their games, the "little fellows" in the East were getting in their last licks. Despite an 84-80 loss to NYU in New York, Holy Cross was still pushing hard for an NIT bid. Jack Foley, a slim 6-foot-5 jump shooter, led in 39 points against Boston U. with excellent results. He became the first Crusader to score 2,000 points, raised his average to 33.5 and Holy Cross won 97-66. Ann held Navy scoreless for the last five minutes while it ran off 10 straight points, the last two by sub Bob Loupe with 13 seconds to go, and the Cadets upset the Middies 47-46.

Yale, after surviving a couple of squeakers with Cornell (48-47) and Columbia (65-60 in overtime), was on the verge of winning its first Ivy League title since 1957. Lafayette, St. Joseph's and Temple were all in the running in the Mid-Atlantic while Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut had a chance in the Yankee. The top three:

1. ST. JOHNS (36-4)
2. WILLAMETTE (37-4)
3. NYU (38-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

It was still anybody's race in the SWC—SMU and Texas Tech were tied for first and Texas A&M was a game behind—but the best bet was SMU. The frisky Mustangs refused to panic even when Texas went ahead seven times at Austin. Instead, they plopped in 22 straight fouls, got the ball in to lumbering Jan Loudermilk often enough for him to score 21 points and put down the Longhorns 69-64. Against TCU, Loudermilk rolled off the pivot for seven field goals, added 22 on foul shots and SMU won 96-86.

But some of the biggest noise in Texas was made at Houston, where the tough-defending Cougars harassed USC's John Rudometkin with a man-to-man, wrapped the other Trojans in their stifling zone press and won twice, 56-51 and 76-68. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (29-0)
2. HOUSTON (21-1)
3. SMU (24-0)

THE WEST

It was quite a week for Utah and fancy-shooting Billy McGill. First, the Redskins pushed pretender Utah State aside 78-76 to secure their hold on the Skyline Conference lead, then McGill sashayed outside and sank long one-handers, when they moved after him he slithered in and out, dropping in hooks, dunks and even back-handers until he had 60 points and Utah a 106-101 victory.

UCLA proved to be as adaptable as it is adept. The Bruins beat California at its own pattern game, 68-62, then matched Stanford shot for shot until the Indians wilted and fell 75-65. "UCLA's too good," declared Stanford's Howie Dallmar. "We defended them real well, cut off their patterns and still they shot us down."

In the West Coast A.C. *Pepperdine* was behaving like an eventual winner. The Waves beat St. Mary's 77-51 to move 1½ games ahead of the Goats. Up north, Seattle ran over Washington State 98-74, but Oregon State split a pair with Idaho, losing 52-51 and winning 65-50 (see page 66). The top three:

1. UTAH (31-1)
2. OREGON STATE (28-4)
3. UCLA (26-6)



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SONNY (CONT.)

Sirs:

As one of the three members of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission who voted unanimously to license Charles (Sonny) Liston as a professional boxer, I would like to set the record straight on what motivated myself and my colleagues, Jim Crowley and Paul G. Sullivan, in that action (*Will Floyd Fight Sonny?*, Feb. 12).

We were well aware of Liston's past record—prisonwise as well as pugilistic—and after mature consideration and a very thorough investigation we concluded that in the ring he could make something of himself, whereas, if he were to be denied an opportunity to make a living in the field in which he was obviously best qualified, the frustration, disappointment and disillusionment that would follow would smudge his morale and might possibly cause him to retrogress. The Pennsylvania commission has been strict in its standards of licensure, but this strictness has, I'm proud to say, been tempered with compassion for the individual. We do not believe that because a man has been in prison once, or even twice, he should be forever damned and ostracized by society.

Finally, as to Liston himself, I have probably had more opportunities to observe Liston in person and to be in personal contact with him during these past eight or nine months than any other boxing commissioner. What I have seen justifies in my own conscience my affirmative vote in favor of granting him license. I believe that one of the fundamentals of good sportsmanship is giving the underdog a sporting chance. One of the things wrong with boxing today is that it's no longer as much a sport as it is a business.

ALFRED M. KLEIN

Philadelphia

OLD MASTER'S MISS

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your untimely article on Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp (*The Old Master Has a New Winner*, Feb. 19). Now, as partial retribution, I suggest you give equal space to Mississippi State's most personable, unassuming and knowledgeable Coach Babe McCarthy.

GRACE S. PUMBOY

State College, Miss.

Sirs:

What happened to Kentucky's "Old Master" and his illustrious Wildcats at lower February 10? Mississippi State 49, Kentucky 44!

ROBERT SEIDMAN

Jackson, Miss.

ARCAIC GHOSTS

Sirs:

As an old Arcadia resident, from 1916 to 1959, who attended the opening day of Santa Anita Race Track in 1934, I enjoyed reading *The Beast of Santa Anita* (Feb. 19).

Some newcomers may not like the corrosive truth about Lucky Baldwin, but it checks with what we oldtimers know about him.

BONO ADESWORTH HAWKINS
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

Thousands of G.I.s, including this one, slept in the whitewashed stables during World War II. I think we had the most beautiful training camp of all. And if other veterans who were there read Dolly Connolly's article it will surely make them relive those happy moments when they were off duty and could enjoy the beautiful surroundings. I think I even saw Lucky Baldwin's ghost one night.

TOM KENDALL

Walnut Creek, Calif.

AT SEA

Sirs:

The design of Architects Webb and Mitchell is exactly the thing I have been seeking (*The Perfect House on the Water*, Feb. 12). But you have left me still at sea: Are the plans and specifications available? If so, how may one get them?

WILLIAM B. MARRONEY

Brooklyn

● For plans and information write Peter W. Webb, 6 Main Street, Ridgefield, Conn.—ED.

FIT TO HELP OLD LADIES

Sirs:

I am sick and tired of you sports magazines saying that American youth is unfit. In

a recent issue you stated that a cub scoutmaster was surprised to find that his charges were not used to strenuous exercise (Scott-CARD, Feb. 5). Either his charges are weak or the average American youth is extremely strong. This bunch of kids, I believe, are not typical of American youth. Most children play sports regularly and hard. I myself play no less than 10 hours of basketball a week. Such organizations as PAL and little baseball and football leagues are flourishing, as are school sports.

You and President Kennedy have confused the minority with the majority to make American youth look sick. We aren't!

CHARLES MCCORMUM

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

We at American Machine & Foundry Company were particularly interested in *The Triumph of the Square Knot* (Feb. 19) since we were directly associated with the youth and fitness activity of the Greater New York Boy Scout Council's recent exposition at the New York Coliseum.

One of the elements of AMF's contributing effort in this connection was a wall chart carrying out in words and pictures the West Point fitness program for Explorers. With cadets as models for the exercises, the chart depicts 25 different steps by which Explorers (in the 14-18 age group) can improve their own fitness. We would be happy to provide your readers with copies.

WILLIAM N. McDONALD

New York City

Sirs:

I have been a scout since I was 8 years old and can attest to many wonderful experiences in growing "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight." Thank you for the wonderful article.

JOEL LAMKIN

Waco, Texas

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